The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago. September 1, 1923

IN THIS ISSUE

Egypt: The Climax of the Trip, by John van Schaick, Jr.

A Front Porch Study, by Frederick A. Bisbee

Golden Rule Economics, by Byron A. Mead

Voters' Classes, by Eleanor Bisbee

What Our People Are Thinking

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1837 to 1897).

Editors

Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.
John van Schaick, Jr.

Office Staff

F. I. Adams
D. Hall.
L. W. MacDonald.

Contributing Staff

Eleanor Bisbee, Kenyon L. Butterfield, A. Gertrude Earle, Daniel Evans, Roger S. Galer, Frank Oliver Hall, Edwin Markham, Fred A. Moore, Harold H. Niles, John E. Price, Willard C. Selleck, Edwin C. Sweetser, Joseph M. Tilden, Lyman Ward, Stephen S. Wise, Frank D. Adams, Kirby Page, George F. Milton, Jr., Joseph Fort Newton.

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from reputable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own.
—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60th ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

Is the public press, which throughout the period of mourning for our late President has been so splendid in its tribute, and in its wholesome and generous apology for former misjudgments, going to mar the new Presidency with the same sort of tittle-tattle, back-stairs gossip, disparaging comment and innuendo that marred the early references to Mr. Harding and occasioned the recent sackcloth and ashes? It is tragically evident that certain journals and individuals have not yet learned the lesson of the last few weeks. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

The remedies most effective alike with radio and with religion seem to be found not so much in the sending as in the receiving. There must be a "selective" interest on the part of the individual which will enable him to single out the worthwhile and significant things and to "shunt" the frivolous, the unworthy, the corrupting. "Whatsoever things are pure, honorable, just, of good report. . . . *think on these things.*" (*The Baptist.*)

υ λ

The Baptist pronouncement says what all Christians believe about the Bible—that God has revealed Himself through the book in such a way as to give men a "sufficient, certain and authoritative guide in religion." In contrast with this the Presbyterian Assembly was induced to adopt language alleging what no man can prove, what the Bible does not even remotely suggest, what the Westminster fathers were far too wise to maintain—that in the composition of the Scriptures their authors were miraculously preserved from every sort of error, even errors which did not in any sense affect religion. This is the hemispheric difference which separates solid fact from vain and useless imagination. (*The Continent.*)

υ λ

No class or party, even in these times of grave misgivings, thought to make use of the sudden death of President Harding to upset the orderliness of our governmental procedure. . . . No demagogue had the temerity to suggest a popular election to determine the people's will. The thought is worth dwelling on. Contempt for the Constitution and the Supreme Court has had noisy utterance, yet the American people are apparently convinced that the founders of this Republic built wisely. (*Independent.*)

υ λ

There are few matters in the world so urgent that they can't wait until the train gets past the crossing. (*Portland Telegram.*)

DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY

The General Convention

President—Mr. R. S. Galer, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Chairman of Executive Committee—Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Tufts College, Mass.
Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.
Treasurer—Mr. J. B. Horton, 6 Park Square, Boston.
Chairman of Murray Lectureship and of Denominational Literature—Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., 6 Mystic Valley Parkway, Winchester, Mass.

Women's National Missionary Association

President—Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, O.

Board of Foreign Missions

Chairman—Rev. Fred C. Leining, 38 Adelaide Ave., Providence, R. I.
Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Universalist Comrades

President—Ralph W. E. Hunt, 25 Forest Avenue, Portland, Me.
Secretary—Fred C. Carr, 559 Cranston St., Providence, R. I.

General Sunday School Association

President—Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Japan Mission Council

Chairman—Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D., Shichome, Iidamachi, Kojimachi, Tokyo, Japan.

Young People's Christian Union

President—Ellsworth C. Reamon, Minneapolis, Minn.
Director of Young People's Work—Rev. Stanley Manning, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Superintendents of Churches

General Superintendent—Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.
Western Superintendent—Rev. L. R. Robinson, 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Southern Superintendent—Rev. Francis Britton Bishop, 1118 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala.
Southwest Superintendent—Rev. James Houghton, Junction City, Kan.
California—Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., 1363 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles.
Connecticut—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, 409 Edgewood Ave., New Haven.
Georgia—Rev. A. G. Strain, 332 Simpson St., Atlanta.
Iowa—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, Mitchellville.
Kentucky—
Maine—Rev. Milo G. Folsom, 43 Lincoln Ave., Gardiner. (Acting.)
Massachusetts—Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.
New Hampshire—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt. (Acting.)
New Jersey—Rev. H. R. Rose, D. D., 815 S. Eleventh St., Newark.
New York—Rev. G. D. Walker, D. D., Carthage.
Ohio—Rev. I. V. Lobdell, 256 Orchard Lane, Columbus.
Rhode Island—Rev. R. R. Hadley, 145 Chester Ave., Providence.
Texas—Rev. R. L. Brooks, Elgin.
Vermont and Quebec—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.
Maritime Provinces—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, Halifax, N. S.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Is a missionary agency of the Universalist Church.

All its resources are at the service of our Church and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest to the donor for life

THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 105th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVI | No. 35

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE POWER OF THE CHURCH

WHAT Churches can do when they are aroused and determined is illustrated by the promise of the leaders of the steel industry to abolish the twelve-hour day.

Catholics and Protestants have united to force this issue. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has issued bulletin after bulletin on the subject stating the facts. Just a few days before the announcement was made through the late President Harding that the twelve-hour day would be given up, the Federal Council published a bulletin called "The Twelve Hour Day in the Steel Industry."

With the assistance of high grade men with a clear insight into the spiritual significance of this matter, with a determination that has not wavered, the Church has pushed this fight and won a victory.

Judge Gary and his associates should receive full credit from church people for this action, however tardy some of us may consider it to be.

The action taken shows that the Church is not the feeble or cowardly thing often pictured, but that it has power. Now let it go on and use that power, with self-restraint, with scrupulous regard for facts, with Christian charity, but let it use it to strike down other evils and build up the Kingdom.

* *

THE MINISTERS AND INDUSTRY

THERE are differing views as to the duty of ministers and churches toward industrial conflict and suffering. "Keep out," say some, "but relieve suffering." "That is," assert others, "salvage waste but don't touch causes."

"The duty of ministers," say the labor leaders, "is to take our side. We represent the rights of man. Christ would be on the side of labor. He was a laboring man."

"The duty of ministers," say the capitalists, "is to mind their own business. They can afford to preach defense of the Constitution, and respect for law and order, but they had better keep out of partisan politics and let economic quarrels alone. What do they know about them?"

The duty of ministers is something different from any of these views. They are little fitted to interpret life if they don't know life. They must know basic economic facts as well as basic facts of history, theology, and psychology. And in our opinion some of the trouble comes, not because they don't, but because they do, know.

They are not to take sides in economic conflicts, but to act as peacemakers. What if they do suffer the common lot of peacemakers? Are they here for soft and easy times?

The duty of the ministers is to point out injustice on one side and unreason and selfishness on the other side. But more than this and much more effective, their duty is to show the possibility of working things out together and the joy and beauty of successful industrial co-operation.

To make it appear desirable to live the Christ life and to shed the love of God abroad in the world is the fundamental task. It can not be done by uttering generalities. Noble examples in the life of to-day must be cited.

* *

A GREATER NECESSITY THAN COAL

WITH each side seeking in every way to get the better of the other, to down the other in industry and discredit the other before the public, with shrewd lawyers on each side trying "to slip something over on the other fellow," with the unconcealed bitterness and contempt of one set of leaders for the other set of leaders, the meetings at Atlantic City to settle differences in the anthracite coal industry have not been a success.

But there have been results:

The people of the United States understand better the seriousness of the situation.

Both Capital and Labor have exhibited themselves as the autocrats and monopolists they really are and have forced us to consider other solutions of the problem.

Facts have been discovered and blazoned over the country.

Five "railroad" companies engaged exclusively in mining coal show an increase in net income of from $13,000,000 in 1913 to $33,000,000 in 1920, with practically no increase in production. The miners now earn $1,300 to $2,000 a year but want part of this enormous increase in income the companies have received. Owners refuse full union recognition; miners refuse arbitration.

"Hard as the public and the commission may look

for him," says Frank I. Cobb of the *New York World*, "there is no personal devil mixed up in the dispute at Atlantic City. There are merely two groups of normally selfish men trying to bluff each other down. Between them they may wreck the industry nevertheless; may create another anthracite shortage and compel the general use of fuel oil and soft coal for heating. That is also part of the game and their own lookout."

If out of it there can come a deeper study of the new economics, and an awakening of the Church to its duty to preach Christ, not "crucified" but "crowned," perhaps after all the net result will be good.

The one rock we can build on is that the labor of our hands and the deposits in our banks, the houses and lands we own and the thoughts we think, belong to God and therefore to all of His children.

"The common good" is not a platitude. It is a necessity—much more so than anthracite coal.

* *

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW US

On the Future

IN the presence of death, we are sad but confident. To us there is nothing un-Christian in sorrow, for the shortest verse in the Bible records that "Jesus wept." At the tomb of Lazarus, he "wept with those who wept." Nothing in life is much harder than to say good-by, to see life ended here, to face the empty chair and to handle the familiar tools our beloved have laid down.

But Universalists share the great common hope of Christendom, and of mankind generally, that those we lose still live and that we shall see them again.

Universalists assert it in even stronger form than some others. With Jesus they have faith that when the prodigal turns back to the Father's house the Father runs to meet him—that God goes out like a Good Shepherd "to seek and to save that which was lost."

With Tennyson we

> "can but trust that good shall fall
> At last far off, at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring."

And to us as to Whittier

> "Death seems but a covered way
> Which opens into light,
> Wherein no blinded child can stray
> Beyond the Father's sight."

For the evil and the good and that vast company of good and evil mixed, we believe in a final harmony with God—punishment to be sure, here and hereafter, in love, as needed, but with the Divine object to reform and purify.

Like the old Scotchman we "postulate God and immortality follows."

It is no more difficult to imagine where the race is going than where the race came from, and yet we know we are here. The universe does not seem unreasonable to us and yet it would be unreasonable if this life ended all.

The universe seems like a huge disciplinary process controlled by Infinite Wisdom and Love. We hold that it has an object and an end, and that is a perfected manhood and womanhood.

Strongly, positively, unfalteringly, the Universalist people cherish "the immortal hope."

Is that a cause of separation between you who read these words and us?

Don't you cherish that same faith?

Can it be too strong?

Can it possibly make anybody careless or vicious to know that there is a Divine Love that will not let us go?

Rather is that not the one thing this world needs above all else to-day?

* *

THE WASHINGTON CHURCH PROJECT

THERE has been some delay in the Washington church project through the serious illness of the General Superintendent, who is in charge of the campaign for funds.

The project has not been abandoned.

Some fifty thousand dollars have come in without any real effort being put forth. Many of the large and influential churches like the church at Lynn are committed to the project, enthusiastic for it, and have made arrangements to take their offering this fall.

At the July meeting of the Board, an offer for the sale of the Washington church property was accepted and, unless there is an unexpected hitch, that property will be sold before these words are printed. The Board rejected a plan to spread the contributions for the new church over a period of ten years, and ordered plans modified to bring the project within the ability of a denomination of our size to realize, and at the same time to produce a memorial beautiful, dignified, adequate and worthy in every way of the noble idea back of it.

The Board likewise showed true insight in ordering the whole thing cleaned up at once and taken out of the way of the installation of a budget system in which all projects big and little will be cared for in a systematic, businesslike way.

We are to have a new church in Washington, an enduring memorial to devotion and courage, a shrine to which our people will be proud to go, and a symbol of a faith which calls on us to spend and be spent for humanity, sure that Divine Power will not let us fail.

* *

FIFTY MOROS KILLED

DESPATCHES from the Philippines report another fanatical outburst "among the Moros on the island of Mindanao." "Fifty of the Moros were killed, a number wounded," while only "three members of the constabulary were wounded."

Admitting great provocation and the necessity of force, admiring our Army, our Navy, and our Marine force, convinced that the Secretary of War is an able man and a good man, we still beg to submit that this despatch is unpleasant reading.

It sounds as if we had better court-martial somebody or hunt for a different type of administrator. There is too big a difference in the number killed on each side. It looks as if somebody had lost his patience, watched his chance and simply "let go."

We are never going to train the Filipinos in this way.

It is like the execution of a Moro who deserved execution and then butchering a pig and letting the pig's blood drip down on the body of the dead Moro.

The church people may be willing to follow along and admit the sad necessity of "a striking arm ready" among these fanatical, undeveloped people, but they are not going to stand for the mailed fist or for massacre when men of tact, insight, courage and a reasonable degree of sympathy could find a better way.

* *

"WHAT WE LIKE TO PREACH"

IT is as easy for the average American to criticise the Church as it is for him to find fault with a baseball player. So many reports by self-appointed investigators have appeared of late that one either feels disgusted with or sorry for the Church. And yet, "it is to laugh." College professors call the Church a failure, and yet the fact is that if the Church had been a failure there would have been no colleges; others join in the refrain, forgetting that the teachings of the Church have made it possible for mankind to progress. But the criticisms of such men do not disturb us anywhere near as much as do the rantings and ravings of men who should know better. Certainly, Joseph Fort Newton packed a whole lot of sense into a few words when he described this class after this manner: "the safe, unheroic, belated heresy which thrives in New York City, where the commonplaces of liberal theology are new discoveries." Godspeed to them in their new adventures, but let them refrain from giving the impression that the ministry is like dumb, driven cattle.

When one of these great adventurers recently preached about "Honesty in the Pulpit," and sent the implication broadcast that the ministers of to-day dare not preach their convictions, it made our blood boil. Had he never heard of Universalist ministers? He might have been telling of his own timidity, but we desire to inform him that we know of several ministers of whom that statement was not true. This tomfoolery about young men not entering the ministry to-day for fear they will not be able to preach what they believe makes us weary. The fact is that the average young man hasn't any convictions on any subject.

Now comes an article in the *Century Magazine* under the title, "What I Should Like to Preach," implying that we who are now in the work have not been preaching what we should like to preach. Nonsense! When this representative of the new generation tells us that chivalry is to be the religion of to-morrow, we wonder if he knows the history of religion. Chivalry was the religion of yesterday as it is of to-day.

And that's that!

What we set out to write about is "What We Like to Preach." Since that night when we were ordained into the ministry we have preached all kinds of sermons. As we look back over them, we find that the sermons we enjoyed preaching the most were the ones which were designed to help people live and bear the burdens of this life.

Three great questions always haunt men and women—"Where did we come from?" "Why are we here?" and "Whither are we going?" These questions have within themselves the heartaches, the sorrows, the wistful yearnings, of humanity. And the sermons which we like to preach are the ones which endeavor to cast some ray of light upon these questions. We find our answers in the message of him who once walked along the way of life.

For many years, Universalist ministers have been doing just that. Honestly, heroically, faithfully, they have preached what seemed to them to be true and, because they have, the light of Christianity has continued to burn, giving light and warmth to man kind.

We like to preach sermons that will help men bear their burdens, which will put hope and faith and a great comfort into human hearts. And, oh, how people want just that kind! We like to preach Universalism—the faith of a triumphant God and a triumphant life. It is the faith which the world needs.

H. H. N.

* *

GIVE THE MORONS A CHANCE

A BILL has been introduced in Congress to call the language of the United States the American language instead of the English language.

The proposal gains support from one G. G., who writes from Paris to the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald*. Mr. G. G. asserts that "all 100 per cent Americans should join in an effort to effect the passage of this measure," that "the proud Republic of the Western World is entitled to a separate name for its creation," that "a beautiful and beloved word awaits us for the taking," instead of English.

We feel ourselves quite inadequate to comment upon the towering intellectual stature and broad general culture of the Congressman who introduced the bill and upon the peculiarly appropriate comments thereupon by Mr. G. G. of Paris.

But we modestly suggest that the time is opportune for members of the Cuban legislature to bring forward a measure forbidding the use of the word Spanish as applied to their historic language, for Brazilians to insist upon "a Brazil language" instead of Portuguese, for Belgians to refuse to call their two languages French and Flemish, and even for Scotch, Irish, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians and the other nations of the British group to insist on a different and "a 100 per cent" name for what they speak.

With a little time and attention all these glaring injustices may be removed.

The state of the world to-day calls for some action and, as statesmen have not gone far in the past five years, perhaps it is just as well for the proposals of the morons to have a chance.

* *

Death of Dr. van Schaick's Mother

A second bereavement has come to Dr. van Schaick, Editor of *The Leader*, within the period of a few brief weeks. Following close upon the death of his father, his mother passed away on Saturday, Aug. 25. In this added sorrow Dr. van Schaick will have the deep sympathy of the ever-widening circle of those who know him better and therefore love him more.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXXIV Egypt: The Climax of the Trip

John van Schaick, Jr.

ALL of us are delighted with our stop in Egypt. I am not sure whether our delight is creditable to us or not.

If it comes simply from our physical comfort and well-being, the good meals, the spotless linen, and the ease with which we were carried around, it is not highly creditable. Unquestionably there is something of that in all of us and all of that in some of us, but not all of that in all of us.

I prefer to believe that this great body of our fellow human beings is fundamentally sound, something else than Sybarites, really anxious to learn about this world in which we live and to do something to make it a better world. Certainly their desire for knowledge as shown by attendance on the "Travelers' Club" meetings on board has been almost pathetic.

Nevertheless it is true that the best meals and the softest beds and some of the most interesting "sights" have made our stay in Cairo one of the best things we have done.

A few of our ambitious friends made a quick run to Jerusalem over Allenby's railroad, and still had a day or two left for Cairo; others took the night train four hundred and eighteen miles up the Nile to Luxor and ancient Thebes, had all day there and still did the museum and the Pyramids with the rest of us; but most of us were content to live at the old Shepheard's Hotel or the Continental in Cairo and do the things possible from these centers.

And just what were these things?

In chronological order: Thursday forenoon, a rail journey from Suez to Cairo. Thursday night, the Pyramids at Gizeh and the Sphinx under the light of the full moon. Friday morning, various famous mosques, tombs, and the Citadel with its commanding view of Cairo and the country around. Friday afternoon, the Pyramids and Sphinx again by daylight. Saturday morning, a Coptic church and the Egyptian Museum. Saturday afternoon, bazars, the Mohammedan University and the American University. Saturday night, a starlight drive to Heliopolis. Sunday morning, the Egyptian Museum. Sunday afternoon, ancient Memphis and Sakkara. Sunday at six, attendance upon the American Church service. (My wife held my proxy for this, as I was driving home in the sunset light from Memphis.) Monday morning another fascinating railway journey—this time Cairo to Port Said, where we embarked. It must not be assumed that everybody did these things in the same way or at the same time, but this list is a fair sample of what passengers on a World Cruise can do in a short stop at a port.

As never before I now understand the lure of Egypt. The warm winter sunshine, the clear blue skies, the cool breezes, make it a winter health resort. The comfortable and palatial hotels, the interesting people from all over the world, make it delightful for those who love society. The buried cities and tombs arouse the keenest interest of the antiquarian and the historian. The seething politics, while repelling some, attract thoughtful men of affairs, and the Egypt of the Nile Valley and the desert, the date palms and the caravans, of stone cities and mud villages and tents on the sand, arouses the enthusiasm of artists, of poets, and of all lovers of the beautiful and picturesque.

It ought to be said clearly and positively that there are some flies in the ointment which are dead and stinking, and which will have to be removed or people will gradually boycott Egypt.

Nobody can step from "Shepheard's" or the "Continental" into the streets of Cairo without finding himself pursued and attacked by the most ravenous, discourteous, persistent horde of dragomans, guides, hackmen, and vendors of all kinds of sham antiques, to be found in the world. No beggars of India or Java or China compare with them as a nuisance. A man has simply to laugh good-naturedly, or he is lost. Nor is it importunity which is the worst phase of it; it is insolence. No lady tourist can walk the streets of Cairo alone without being insulted. The scoundrels seize her arms if she is walking, and her legs if she is getting off a camel.

To be sure, in the past, American girls, in their ignorance of the Orient, and with their lack of reserve, have been to blame many times, created "incidents" with which consuls have had to deal, and have given these men the idea that they could lay their hands familiarly on any American woman. But this does not absolve the men of blame. Our ladies made short work of them, but they ought not to be exposed to such a menace.

No matter who or what the government may be, there is one group of men abundantly able to abolish this evil if they will take a little time for it. I refer to the proprietors of "Shepheard's," the "Continental," the "Semiramis," and other hotels, Thos. Cook & Sons, the American Express Company, the Raymond Whitcomb people, the Anglo-Nile Steamboat Company, Frank C. Clark, and other tourist agencies doing business in Cairo.

There is no "if" or "and" about it. There may be "law enough now," there may be "graft" in the police department, the "tourists may be to blame;" in spite of all that may be said, these men are powerful enough to do the job if they will give a little attention to their civic responsibilities.

My information is that tourists will find this situation improved by another year. And I can't leave the subject without adding that there are dragomans and guides who have pride in their profession, collect libraries, study continually, and conduct themselves so fairly and honorably that tourists keep their names and hand them on from party to party. These able, honorable fellows are the antidote to the poison of the "mob."

We were towed ashore at Suez in ex-coal barges

transformed by kaleidoscopic, bright-hued Oriental hangings into chambers of Aladdin's Palace. Here for half an hour or more we sat on benches and on decks of the barges, shut off from view of land or water, with nothing but sky above us, with fellow citizens of Florida and Pennsylvania around us, and with dark-skinned, turbanned barge men smiling down at us from the sides of our bizarre, roofless, floating houses.

Then, as the train slowly drew away from Suez, we looked out on waters more green, or aquamarine, or transparent turquoise, than we have seen before in 22,000 miles of travel.

Soon we were along the canal with its ships going north and going south; passing the Little Bitter Lake and the Great Bitter Lake where the canal widens out; swinging westward and entering the ancient delta of the Nile.

Ismailia and Zagazig are names of cities we passed which mean nothing to most of my readers and meant nothing to me except railway stations with all kinds of people sitting about, but which to the informed mean sites of ancient cities, and memorable excavations near by. Zagazig appears in Ezekiel as Pibeoeth.

It was thrilling, however, to think that off one way was the Damietta mouth of the Nile, off another way the Rosetta mouth, and beyond that Aboukir Bay where Nelson fought "the battle of the Nile," and Alexandria where the conqueror put his name for all time.

We crossed desert where there was no trace of vegetation, and desert where there was the merest trace with goats busy removing it. Then we came to water and at once were in the midst of date palms, of level fields of rich black land, cotton just starting up, wheat ready to harvest, and thick, green, luxuriant clover, from which supplies were being cut as needed for donkeys, buffaloes, camels, cows, horses and goats, with all of which the country was abundantly stocked.

It seemed like the seven years of plenty "down in Egypt." And along the trails from Palestine I could see the long line of camels traveling with exactly the motion, the equipment, the guttural cries of those caravans of long ago which first brought Joseph the slave, and later Joseph's brethren in search of food.

It was refreshing to get into the cool, dark corridors, the great, high-ceilinged rooms, the huge, Moorish lobbies and halls of "Shepheard's." We opened the shutters of our room to look out into the garden where so much has happened of reunion and parting, of love making and conspiracy, of comedy and tragedy and even assassination of statesmen, and there under a great tree on the grass was a Mohammedan at his prayers. For sublime indifference to the passing throng, for complete concentration on the matter in hand, for regular attention to religious duties and for grace and dignity in worship, give me the Mohammedan.

Here at the hotel were rest, deep sleep, content, home letters, home papers and reiterated assurances that all was well, which even a disquieting cable on Saturday night could not completely change.

If food be interesting as an element of "content" then let me say at once that, with the exception of undercooked rice glaring in contrast with the rice of India and the rice of the ship, "Shepheard's" had the best food of any hotel we struck. Such omelettes only a Frenchman could have made! They must be survivals of the days of the Napoleonic conquest or the joint French-British protectorate. Such butter! Whether it came from cow, or buffalo, or cotton-seed, it was perfectly fabricated. Such tender Egyptian quail, it seemed as if the flights described in Exodus had taken place around us. Such fresh, tender vegetables! Such good, honest British beef and mutton! And while some of our people are not educated up to Egytian coffee, my advice is to get educated at once.

Six things stand out in my mind especially: 1, above ground—the climb of Cheops, the Great Pyramid at Gizeh; 2, underground—the clear beautiful writing in the tomb of Ti (Thi) at Sakkara, and the mausoleum of the Sacred Bulls; 3, the striking contrast between the indescribably rich and fertile Nile Valley and the everlasting desert; 4, the moonlight and sunset drives in the valley, and over the desert; 5, the Museum and Universities; and 6, the Bible history.

With Justice Munger, as fine a climber and as good a fellow traveler as he is an able judge, and with guides intelligent enough to let me alone, I climbed the 451 feet of Cheops, lifting myself up where I could not step fastening my fingers into crevices as I got higher and higher, watching my footing where the ledges were narrow, getting the best exercise and having one of the superlatively good times of the cruise. I thought it quite a feat until I started down and found George Cary, Jr., of Buffalo, aged twelve, arriving at the top alone, and part way down Althea, aged ten, and Maria, aged eight, also alone, climbing like little chamois. We detached a guide to follow these adventurous children.

Struggling after with another guide was their guardian. The father, emerging from a tour inside the Pyramid, found his family well "up in the air." When these children bring their children here, as successive generations of the family seem to have done, I doubt if they let them duplicate this feat. But better travelers than these children it would be hard to find. I have seen them late at night, and early in the morning, under every conceivable condition of discomfort and delay, with every possible kind of alluring prospect ahead or behind, and I have never heard them whine or complain, demand this or that, or even ask why we didn't get there sooner. Good blood is a pleasing sight in cattle or children, but good training is the most beautiful thing in the world. These and other children of the cruise at whom some of us looked askance in the beginning, have been a constant delight. For the older ones, it will mean more than any year of college.

The top of Cheops is a space thirty square feet. Here we found lemonade at 25 cents a glass, beads and scarabs, antiques turned out by the factory at Luxor or "made in Germany," and more begging Arabs. When I made it clear that the amount of bakshish I would give was in the exact ratio that I was left alone, the talk about "hunger," "fasting," "big

families," "hard times," "generous Americans," "fatigue of the climb," "watches to be sent from America as presents," suddenly stopped, and I was left alone with the magnificent view.

To the west as far as I could see was the brown and yellow desert, not flat like a floor but undulating, and broken here and there by dunes. "Thirty-five days across by caravan to Tripoli." The magic, the mystery, the witchery, the lure, the hardship and death of the desert! One of the really great moments was the day before when I walked out a little way in it alone in the moonlight. To the north lay the flat green fertile Delta. To the south we saw more desert and three other groups of Pyramids. To the east the road leading out of the desert to Cairo, eight miles away, the wonderful valley of the Nile, cut up by canals and ditches, and literally "rejoicing and blossoming like the rose," golden with wheat, black with fresh turned soil, green with the most exquisite shades of lush clover and ornamented with rows and clumps of beautiful tall date palms—planted for food, not for beauty, and the most characteristic tree of lower Egypt—and in the background, of course, all Cairo with its commanding citadel and mosques.

I was more excited and happy and gloriously tired and hungry and ready to see everything and rejoice in everything after that climb than in days. And we had been so long about it that the sun was down to the sky line, the Pyramids stood up in beauty as well as everlasting strength, and the long caravans and separate camels stood out on the desert skyline. Not a rich Mohammedan rolling out that Gizeh road in his motor, not a heavy laden, honest little donkey trotting to town, not a mud village or onion patch, not a single peasant lifting water in his "*shaduf*," or an ox or buffalo or camel or donkey turning the ancient "*sakiya*," or even a thieving, vagabond Arab guide, but shone in the golden glory. The departing sun gave an equal benediction to all. He maketh the sun to both rise and set on the evil and the good. No wonder men in all ages have worshiped the sun.

The ancient Egyptians believed that soul and body were to be reunited hereafter. Therefore their religion made care for the dead body a fundamental thing. We are indebted to this old faith for records which otherwise would have perished. Because of these tombs and the inscriptions on them and in them, we have had the mists rolled back which apparently had settled down on the Nile valley forever.

That whole story of human pride and glory, stupendous memorials, buried tombs, modern excavations and the deciphering of dead languages is one of the really thrilling things of our age. The opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen is only one striking and picturesque event in a series of events just as great.

Coming down from Cairo, a cultured lady said: "When I visit the British Museum, I go at once to the Rosetta Stone. The way Boussard found it in the mud of the delta, the way Napoleon had its hieroglyphic, demotic and Greek inscriptions copied and scattered broadcast, the way Champollion pored over it until he found the key that unlocked all these thousands of inscriptions, never fails to fill me with awe and wonder."

I went out to Heliopolis one night after dinner, six or eight miles away, just as I thought I was going to bed. I did it, first because a dear friend asked me, and had a motor waiting, and second because, like Joseph, I married an "Asenath," a name I have seldom seen. And I wanted to see where the other "Asenath" lived.

If she in her far-off or near-by abode was as pleased with this mark of respect as the modern Asenath was when I returned, I am happy for her. We were gone only a little over an hour, we made no study of anything in particular, we saw everything pointed out in the darkness, under the starlight or by lights of passing cars or towns. But nobody knows places who does not know them in the darkness as well as in the light. Those who lived long ago seem to come back to us under the stars.

Guide books and histories and encyclopedias can tell you facts about ancient Memphis, fourteen miles south of Cairo, about Sakkara near by, about the Serapeum of Apis, the Tomb of Ptah-hetep, the Tomb of Thi—all of which we visited. I wasn't going near any of them, for I am a master hand at eliminating on the theory that I can come next year, and that I know when to stop. But an indefatigable, insatiable, unselfish Massachusetts teacher traveling with charming Buffalo friends, found the time, got the motor and made us go, for which I can not be too grateful.

What books can not give, or at least have not given to me, is a mind aroused and kindled by what ancient Memphis and these tombs have to tell. As one goes from the bright light of the desert to the dark recesses of the tombs, into the presence of pictures and writings thousands of years old, but fresh cut, new, bright, clear, beautiful, as if made yesterday—one begins to wonder, then inquire, and gradually seek light on it all with enthusiasm.

Down in the tomb of Ti, the "Judge" told us that this man was a high officer of the kings of the fifth dynasty, some 3,700 years before Christ. Of humble rank, he raised himself by his own great abilities and "had a princess for his wife and the rank of princes for his sons." America is not the first continent to produce tales like "From Tailor's Bench to White House," "From Rail Splitter to White House," "From Farmer Boy to White House," "From Tow Path to White House."

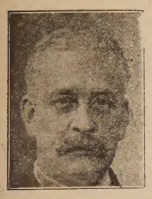
The oldest of all the Pyramids, the "Step Pyramid," dating from the third dynasty, 4240 B. C., looked down on us as we trailed through the desert sands of Sakkara that bright Sunday afternoon. We did not climb it, though some of us wanted to. Near by was the "Pyramid of Unas" of the sixth dynasty, or about 3500 B. C.

"Recent investigations," says an authoritative guide book, "have revealed the fact that this Pyramid has been built upon the site of a still older, probably pre-dynastic, burial place."

Into what remote ages, into contact with what vanished races, into touch with what great leaders of humanity, the pre-dynastic remains take us, not even the greatest scholar can say.

But the humblest beginner may say confidently, we are debtor to them all and without us they can not be made perfect.

Front Porch Studies



A FRONT porch is not unlike the judge's bench in a court room, save that the incumbent thereof is not hampered by a lot of foolish laws which men and women and newspapers have made, but he (or she) can exercise the real judicial spirit, taking in all the many factors, seen and unseen, which make up human life, and can render a verdict, which if not sweeping enough to satisfy all the conditions of the printed law, may help in interpreting the human element and in disclosing some elemental truth far more important than "Thus saith the legislature" or "It is established in the ancient creed!"

I am startled at times by the wisdom of the foolish and the foolishness of the wise. It is astounding how much more the ignorant know than do the technically educated when it comes to the test of practical experience. There is nothing here said or implied detrimental to education that educates with larger truth instead of superseding vital truths, but education should deal with the whole man instead of putting a big plaster on a little pimple on the skin or making the hair grow a yard in length while the brain is shrinking—all of which simply means that there are higher and better laws than are written in the statute books, and there is wisdom such as has never been taught in schools.

The judge who sits on the front porch may have—I do not say he does have—but he may have some advantages over those who wear the wig and toga.

Now here are multitudes of children—or there were multitudes of children until ambitious parents turned them all into little men and women, and sent them out to ape their elders in being what they are not. I watch the groups of little ones as they run up and down my street when their guardians are not looking, and sometimes they are real human, and play games of their own making up; they quarrel and scrap and make noise enough to disturb the community and one hardly knows whether to be glad or mad.

But these are of the "common people." Sometimes I commandeer a friend's auto and go over across the bay to the so-called fashionable district, though it should be called financial rather than fashionable. Here we find the modern child in all his or her glory. Their clothes are modeled after the grown-ups. They go out to "play" under the guardianship of maids who are uniformed to indicate their servile situation, and who are sat upon and abused as soon as they are beyond the sight of the house by the young savages who look upon them as their legitimate prey, and the maids can not resent it, fearing they may lose their jobs, and knowing they have no standing in the final court of appeal.

Then there is a lawn party for some little one having a four-year-old birthday, and fond mothers spend much time and money and go with them to show them off—not to have any real care of them, for they hire nursemaids to attend to that. And they—the fond mammas—sit around and sigh audibly with their eyes on their own offspring. "How cute! Isn't she cunnin'?" and when a "cute and cunning" gets into a scrap and runs to mamma, she pets her and says in a "soft soap" voice: "Naughty, naughty. Little sweetheart must not do so; it shames mamma and hurts her." But there is never a word about its being *wrong*—the king can do no wrong!

Then there is the luncheon just like the grown-ups' luncheon, excepting it is served on cute little dishes and the dear little boys are paired off with dear little girls of mamma's set, and are told how to behave like big men, and the dear little girls seem to know by intuition how to act like big ladies; and so at an expense which would make comfortable a dozen poor families for a week, the little "play" is over and the liliputian actors are lifted into big limousines and are borne away to some other bit of sham.

Where are the children? Gone from our world, with all of the best of childhood wrung out of them, and that is not all, for just a little farther along are these same pampered pets posing and strutting as dudes and flappers—not men and women, nor can they be, for they have exhausted all the resources of manhood and womanhood in the aping of the real thing under doting mammas and absentee papas.

But there is a saving element—children who have been saved from the vanity and selfishness of silly parents by the good Lord, who kindly removes them by death or divorce. Or, without knowledge or intent, the parents shunt off all the responsibility upon the despised nursemaid who has a little factor of sense in her make-up. I have known some of these unfortunate hot-house children to grow up into decent and useful men and women in spite of their environment, and I have known some of the despised kids who peeked through the fence at the birthday party to go to the dogs in rebellion at the existing order of things, and some to save the country in the trenches or the halls of legislation.

The fact is we have not made a great success in attempting to make over the human works of God either at the top or bottom. Mr. Bryan fights the theory of the descent of man from the ape, but he overlooks the greater danger of the reversal, when we allow our children to become the apes of a degenerate society.

It may seem very discouraging for the future, but I am cheered as I recall an incident. When our own eloquent and masterful Dr. Crowe was pastor in New York, in the presence of one of his own elder laymen he was bemoaning pathetically the decadence of our young people, crying out, "They are degenerate, they care not for God or man, they are wild creatures; what is to become of them?" I remember this all took place in the old study of the Church of Eternal Hope. The old man leaned over and tapped the eloquent preacher on the knee and said, "Don't worry, Crowe, they are going to get over it just as you and I did!"

There is too much make believe in this very real and commonplace world. We begin with the children, and in dress and speech and action make them what they are not and can not be, and as they grow up they have to keep up the show and the sham. Stage heroics are far more important than real life heroics.

The self-sacrificing mother who gives all that is best in her for her children commands no applause, not even attention, while the same thing enacted on the stage, or even the screen, will make vast audiences almost maudlin in their sentimental response, and the actor becomes the pet of the society that never knows of the real thing, or knowing it ignores it with selfish and cruel indifference.

Here in the children of to-day, the rich and the poor, no less one than the other, is the only possible realizing of our ideals for the future. We want peace there in the days that are to come—yet right here on my street I can see parents with uniform and militant literature trying to make little soldiers of their boys and, when the world is starving for real womanhood, making their little girls into foolish flirts.

The children themselves want to be real and have a good time and are quickly amenable to leading. Among the best behaved and really promising children of whom I know are a little negro boy and girl (they call them niggers down here). They have a mother who works for her living, who is so conscious of her responsibility that she breathes her own life into them, and they are happy all along the way to genuine manhood and womanhood. Then there is another family of small children set down in the very midst of the fashionable and extravagant set where temptation is rampant, but they are surrounded by the love and wise care of a real mother, and they too are happy on their way to the supreme goal.

It is only as we pay in time and patience and sacrifice and effort the full price of care that we can get returns for and from our little ones, but they are worth the cost. It is bad for any to speculate in dry oil wells—it is worse to speculate in the raising of our children. *F. A. B.*

Golden Rule Economics

Byron A. Mead

THERE are many who feel that the Church is not doing its part in settling industrial controversies. What more fitting or more serviceable role can the Church assume than that of teacher, demonstrator, exemplifier of the Golden Rule in material affairs? The closer we come to observing the Golden Rule in our business transactions the surer we are of having a continuing prosperity. The sentiment of the last sentence has been expressed so many times in varying phraseology that it has become a mere platitude to many who accept it as a truth with reservations concerning certain theoretically all-powerful economic laws. There is no more powerful influence in economic affairs than the Golden Rule. Industrial disorders and the fitful waves of prosperity and depression are due to our deviations from the course laid down by the Golden Rule.

A committee of individuals prominent in business and social research, assisted by government departments, began making in 1922 an analytical study of business cycles for the purpose of trying to control the alternations of industrial booms. A report was made this spring, but their study so far has resulted only in generalities. The secretary of the committee in a public statement said "the committee was impressed by the scarcity of sound statistical and economic data regarding this fundamental problem." Secretary of Commerce Hoover, in a foreword to the report, said: "The general conclusion of the committee is that the slumps are in the main due to the waste, extravagance, speculation, inflation, over-expansion and inefficiency in production developed through the booms." But what develops these disturbing activities during the booms?

We began one of these boom periods early in 1922. The United States had everything at hand with which to build an enduring prosperity. Forty per cent of the world's gold was in our vaults; we had an abundance of natural resources and an amount of building absolutely necessary all over the country that was unprecedented. From January, 1922, to May, 1923, we had as sharp a rise in prices as we ever had in the same length of time, war periods not excepted. What caused the inflation? The power of organized labor and organized capital. They desired wages and prices to increase and proceeded to mark them up. For instance, when building construction began to show signs of activity labor began to demand more pay and dealers began advancing prices of building materials. There was an increase in wages and prices all along the line. We tried to fool ourselves by saying that prices of wages and commodities were following the law of supply and demand. If there was any law behind those rising prices it was the law of get while the getting is good. Nine-tenths of what we call supply and demand is simply taking advantage of the other fellow's necessity, which is contrary to the Golden Rule.

In April, 1923, labor was fully employed, our leading industries were running nearly at capacity, car loadings were breaking the record. From January, 1922, to May, 1923, over $4,000,000,000 was spent in buildings. The expenditure of such an amount of capital in building construction under Golden Rule conditions would have laid the foundation for a long season of prosperity—and the shortage of buildings was far from made up. But under the rule of alleged supply and demand inflation of costs halted building operations. Construction costs became so exorbitant that the American Construction Council early in May recommended a suspension of all operations for several months. The inflation of wages and prices generally wasted our credit resources and began to check production. In June bankers were anxious, the stock market was nervous, labor just as discontented as ever, manufacturers dissatisfied with conditions, agriculture depressed by an unfair schedule of prices, and nobody knew just where we were going.

If business is to move in a straight line of prosperity prices must be kept stable. An indefinitely prolonged prosperity requires an increasing production. An increasing production and a spiral of increasing prices are incompatible processes. If production is gradually to expand and prices remain stable there must be thorough co-operation between labor, capital and agriculture to secure an efficient production as a

nation in place of the attempts of each industrial group to impose its will upon the rest of the community by force of organization within the group. The more we work for the common good the greater is the measure of industrial good.

Labor is entitled to a living wage, so is capital entitled to a fair return and agriculture entitled to an equitable exchange of products. But if labor is to secure a living wage the Golden Rule requires that labor must do its part in keeping down the cost of living. Building trades workers are getting about double the pay they had twelve years ago for doing less work, and labor all over the land is complaining of excessive rents. The Golden Rule demands that if labor has more pay there must be increased service, and that if capital advances prices there must be an increase in real value. Real wages are not dollars, but the commodities and services dollars buy. As prices of commodities gradually decline under Golden Rule conditions of expanding production wages increase. The expansion will come largely through reducing prices of luxuries so as to bring them within reach of more and more purchasers. And such a condition requires co-operation of all in efficiency through every activity from production to consumption.

What happens in the business world is the result of human activities. Man acts according to his thinking or lack of thinking. What we call economic laws are chiefly the expressions of man's behavior under varying conditions, and as man acts according to his thinking these economic laws are subject to modification or repeal through education. Who is better qualified to be the teacher of right behavior than the organization that was founded by the maker of the Golden Rule?

The Life of George Cadbury*

SAID the *London Telegraph* on the morning of the publication of this book:

> This is the worthy biography of a great man—though, indeed, and necessarily, the appellation is one which George Cadbury would have denied, and turned away with a hearty laugh.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The biography, we believe, would live if only by virtue of the charm and excellence of its workmanship. But it is infinitely more than a well-written book. It is the record of a man who made money and scorned it, who used it for good while he made it, who thought of wealth in terms of life; and it will hearten all men and women who are working for the betterment of their fellows, and who oftentimes have to hold on to their tasks with almost despairing courage. It will, indeed, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "recall the stragglers, refresh the outworn, reinspire the brave."

George Cadbury belonged to one of the great English Quaker families, several of which have made fortunes in the cocoa business. A. G. Gardiner was associated with George Cadbury in business and then had to part company with him, but with good feeling on both sides.

His biography is the dramatic and fascinating story of how a poor boy became wealthy and famous and so powerful he could refuse a peerage, the Privy Council and a career in politics; the story of how a thrifty, prudent, self-denying man who saved sixpences poured out his wealth with an unstinted hand for the public good; the story of how a Christian employer solved the industrial problem, made the first of the Garden Cities which have revolutionized housing, showed a way in the land question, and emphasized the utility to the nation of beauty, sanitation and recreation in the lives of the masses.

The book tells of George Cadbury's boyhood in the country with field and woods and "a pony which he groomed himself." It describes his volunteer work as a young business man in the slums of a city and his growing conviction that "it is unreasonable to expect a man to live a healthy, holy life in a back street or a slum."

To save the decrepit business which he and his brother inherited, he not only had to work long hours, sink his little inheritance, put into it all his growing intellectual strength, but he had to cut his personal expenses to the bone. What he saved in pennies was enough to turn the tide at the crisis. All this was notable but not original. Many a great business house has been founded on this kind of self-denial and privation.

The notable thing is the personal relationship between employer and employees back in 1866 when all told they numbered seventy, thirty years later when they numbered 5,000, and down to the end of his life.

George Cadbury's use of wealth for the good of his employees and society is the big story of the book, No well informed man can afford to miss this story. Especially no clergyman with a responsibility for shaping public sentiment ought to be without it. And Mr. Gardiner makes leases, statistics, rents, restrictions, as interesting as cricket matches and as beautiful as rose gardens.

> "There was nothing remarkable in the establishment of a successful business. George Cadbury's claim to distinction was that he gave a new direction to business, enlarged its scope, and made it an ally of social reform. The congestion of industry in the towns he saw to be physically and morally degrading. He was depressed by Birmingham, the gardens he remembered as a boy sinking into slums without light and air; the workers being crowded together in wretched dwellings and driven to the public house as the only escape from the sordidness of their surroundings. Why should the progress of industry be associated with the lowering of the standards of life and living?"

Gardiner reveals Cadbury "as a man whose vision was not obscured by traditional ways of thinking nor limited by his own interest or expediency." Close experience with the life of the common people and intense sympathy with them brought him to the view which Ruskin was proclaiming: the laborer is

*The Life of George Cadbury, by A. T. Gardiner. Cassell & Company, Limited, London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne.

entitled to a living wage and human conditions of living; that every child should have a chance to get an education—"the soldier of the plowshare is as much entitled to a pension as a soldier of the sword"—and that "land should be developed for the common use and not for private interest."

To George Cadbury it was bad morality and bad business to waste workmen in slums or wear them out in mills. He and his brother made the fateful decision to move their factory out into the open country. They faced all kinds of opposition and criticism, but bought a tract of fifteen acres on a trout stream four miles from the center of the city. They made special arrangements with the railroad for transporting their work people and freight, and moved the business out there in 1879. There they had room to make cricket and football fields for the men in the industry and a wide play-ground for the girls. This welfare work had a new development later.

For the overseers of the plant, they built sixteen semi-detached cottages with garden, front and rear, planted with apple, plum, pear and cherry trees. Other welfare features installed in the beginning were swimming pool, dining rooms and kitchen arrangements in the factory.

> "George Cadbury," says the author, "did not inherit a business well established, but he created it. It was his conviction that the welfare policy so far from hindering the development of the firm assisted it. He based this belief not on the inner light or the sanctions of religion but upon plain reasoning from cause to effect. The traditional view has been that labor, like other commodities, must be bought in the cheapest market. An improvement in conditions of labor or an increase in wages must be at the expense of the employer. Such expenditure must be resisted by the employer as far as public opinion or his own conscience permits. Hence the necessity for trade unions, for strikes, and for a vast mass of coercive legislature, all of which presumes the unwilling employer. If labor were actually a fixed commodity, to be weighed in the balance like tea at so much a pound, the prevalent theory would doubtless have survived challenge. But George Cadbury, starting from the conception of the sacredness of human life, was quickly captured by the profound conviction that the common view was wrong. . . . . He held that it paid his firm and would pay all firms to devote both attention and money to securing the safety, the health and even the pleasure of the workers employed. These are objects which commerce has ignored or treated as secondary and optional. To George Cadbury they were the esesntials of efficient management.
>
> "The central doctrine of Christianity, as George Cadbury understood it, is that men and women, rich and poor, are infinitely valuable and that their lives should not be squandered. From this it followed that the work of men and women should be well paid, and that the work so highly priced should be directed to the best advantage. Let wages be handsome, but save labor wherever possible, these were the twin axioms."

In the same way he turned his business, which was a seasonal one, into a year round industry to give steady work.

He adopted the newest machinery to save labor, but absorbed the people who would otherwise be thrown out in an expanding industry. He gave money and personal service to reclaim human derelicts, but he didn't complicate his business problem by giving them jobs. He made entrance to the business a reward of effort put forth at school by the young. He would not take married women in the industry, much as he would try to help solve the personal problem of families where the man was out of a job.

By Bournville Village, George Cadbury is best known outside of England. When the brothers moved the works into the country in 1879, they were not able to provide homes for the workers, who traveled back and forth. But, with a huge factory as a magnet, a village or city was inevitable about it.

> "If this inevitable development," says Gardiner, "were left for exploitation by private interest, George Cadbury saw that the housing evils from which they had fled would reappear in a new setting. There would be fierce speculation in land in the neighborhood, the values created by the presence of the works would be exploited by the speculator, the jerry builder would crowd the soil with rows of mean houses, public houses would spring up at every street corner, and at the end of all Bournville would be the center of a new slum area hardly differing from those left behind. The trek of 1878 would have been in vain and would have to be repeated by a later generation of the firm."

Since the Cadburys built Bournville, garden cities have sprung up at Hampstead, Letchworth, Wolverhampton, Rosyth and other places, but George Cadbury was the pioneer.

Near the works he bought 120 acres of land for the village—increasing it to 842 acres. He was not attempting a charity. He was trying to prevent a slum around his works in which his people would be compelled to live. He was attempting to show that the appropriation of the public values of land for the public, or the unearned increment, would raise enormously the standard of civic life.

For years he was busy with questions of roads, parks, elevations of houses, width of pavement, garden space, schoolhouses, etc.

> "He began by building 143 houses which he sold at cost price on a lease of 999 years for the ground on which they stood. His idea was that the tenure should be as nearly freehold as possible; but the conditions of the lease made it impossible that the gardens should be destroyed or built over. Half of the purchase cost was advanced at the low rate of 2 1-2 per cent interest and loans in excess . . . 3 per cent. A condition of the loans was gradual repayment by the purchaser, an incentive to saving.
>
> "At an early stage (to prevent selling for the 20 or 30 per cent profit) the whole area . . . was handed over to trustees under the control of the Charity Commissioners representing the nation. At the date of the gift the trust property was valued at 172,724 pounds, or $863,620."

The chapter on Bournville Village tells how in various ways George Cadbury added to this gift and how his brain and heart were in it as long as he lived. Not only model housing but model house furnishing and model gardening were looked after. Experts, schools, advice and other help were at the disposal of the villagers. "The gardening staff of the village is ready with advice when so requested and the village council lend out mowing machines and tools for hire, purchase co-operatively plants, bulbs, shrubs, and a library of gardening books completes the annual equipment."

"Noble homes for the people," wrote an English clergyman, "with the sunlight of Christ's presence shining within them."

What Mr. Gardiner says of the autocratic nature of the experiment is interesting also:

> "The business was not sold to the public on the stock exchange. Nor has it been transferred co-operatively to the work people. It is at the present stage frankly and without compromise a private venture, although under the system now established, of a Works Council, the employees of the firm have a real share in the management of the works in so far as working conditions are concerned. Socialists themselves will probably admit that there are stages in industrial evolution where more is to be gained by the personal initiative of one or two far-sighted capitalists than would be gained by a policy which must be submitted at every step to popular approval.
>
> "At the same time the exclusion of the workers from ownership of the business and from elective control . . . suggests that the present *regime* is educative rather than final . . . . And the doctrine of continuous inspiration which is among the basic elements of Quakerism must be regarded as applicable to the great traditions already established at this great factory."

In spite of the clearness and beauty with which Mr. Gardiner has drawn the picture of the industrial experiments, the private charities and the public work of George Cadbury, it is the fascinating picture of Cadbury the boy and man which gives this book its greatest charm.

With his intense love of human beings, his democratic spirit, his natural kindness of heart, there went an intellectual insight, a capacity for details and a persistance which Mr. Gardiner has the ability to catch and reproduce.

To this must be added a home-loving and a family-loving side. He has brought up sons to be a credit to him. One of the boys, though loyal to his Quaker training, was decorated by the British, French and Belgian governments and given the American Red Cross Medal for intelligent and daring work with the Friends' Ambulance Unit in France and Flanders during the Great War.

In religion George Cadbury was what Lord Rosebery called Cromwell, "a practical mystic." There were several hundred young Quakers in the war praising God by repairing cottages of French peasants and worshiping by feeding starving German and Russian children.

Into no two words can more of the idealism of the Universalist Church be packed than "practical mystic."

It is a great thing to be able to say of a man what Gardiner says of George Cadbury: "What he was at twenty that he was at seventy—the eye still lit by the inward fire which never sank low, the mind still governed by the thought of the wrongs of the world, but saved from pessimism or weariness by the assurance of the divine governance of things and of the ultimate victory of the spirit."

X. A. B.

Washington-Broadview Letter

Clarence E. Rice

IT seems a far cry from Washington to Broadview up here in the green hills of Vermont. Indeed it is like a different world. Out of the swift rush of the Capital City into the quiet and freshness of rolling pastures and green mountains is to change completely one's outlook. Yet Washington seen from Broadview may give new perspective and in some ways perhaps one may judge better of its greatness.

At all events Washington seems not far away, and as I sit here on my veranda looking out across the Connecticut River to the New Hampshire hills, or up to Mount Ascutney, sentinel among the Green Mountains, I have a view of our National Capital such as I never had from Massachusetts Avenue in the midst of the noise and turmoil of a cosmopolitan city. By contrast with the simplicity and the pastoral scenes of rural New England, our central government and Capital City seem all the greater and we feel their life and strength as our common possession. Our rural districts here sorrow as truly when the news of their beloved President's death is flashed across the continent as do the great cities. Grief, silent but intense, is ours here in Vermont, as we read of the funeral train bearing its sacred burden to the Capital. Ours also the quick sympathy, the silent "God speed" to the new President as he races by us from his rural retreat to take up his responsibilities and burdens at the seat of government. Washington belongs to us here as well as to those who are there.

So may we not say our church and work in the Capital belong to all? As Washington belongs to us as citizens so does our church there belong to us as churchmen. In the early days of the Christian Church Rome became great and the church there became the center and head, giving its inspiration and aid to all its constituency throughout the Empire. If we are to stand for what we should as a church, surely we must have a plant there belonging to all, which men, seeing, will admire and find inspiration in, and ours must be a constituency which measures the length and breadth of our Zion.

While the summer season is not the most favorable for dealing in real estate, it is encouraging to know that the old church property in Washington is in demand and that offers have been made for its purchase. If a sale is made it will aid materially in building the new structure which all are anxious to see completed. The Trustees of the Convention are now considering an offer from another church and we are hopeful that the sale of the present property will be made.

Friends of the Washington church will be saddened to learn of the death of Mrs. F. O. Knight, one of the loyal members of the Church of Our Father, who for many years has spent the summer in Ludlow, Vermont. From her quiet home in that village she was called Sunday night, July 29, and on Wednesday, Aug. 1, we laid her to rest in the village cemetery surrounded by the Green Mountains which she

loved. Her many friends in Washington and Vermont will miss her, and the church of which she was a devoted member will extend its warm sympathy to the bereaved husband and son.

* *

Scattered along the countryside in this region are many quaint little churches built in other days, that are often closed now through the greater part of the year, but open for a few Sundays in the summer. At Cavendish, Vermont, we stopped one day to see the beautiful old stone church that has been kept through the years as it was when built. No ugly colored monstrosities in the shape of windows have replaced the plain, large, glass windows with their many panes. The old chandelier, once fitted with sockets for candles, has been restored, but with electric lights where candles formerly were used. Pulpit and pew, gallery and wainscotting display the good taste of the few people who now worship there. I was invited to occupy the pulpit on August 12 and felt that I was standing on holy ground, for here my great uncle, Warren Skinner, preached for many years, and here my father and Dr. Charles A. Skinner ofte preached when back in this region where they were born and studied for the university. Indeed, from these villages where stand so many of our old churches have come many of our honored ministers. Ballou, Miller, Skinner, and many others have made these places most interesting to those of the Universalist faith. Still there are men, young men, in many of these villages who might be called to the ministry if we could conserve the strength and devotion of the older days. Well might we as a Church strive more earnestly to secure men from these regions for filling the ranks of our depleted ministry.

Already the days are growing shorter and we are looking forward to the return to Washington to take up again the interesting work there. It is a motor trip of full three days through parts of the Berkshires, on through the Rising Sun route and beautiful Susquehanna Valley, through Maryland to the Capital, where we hope to see ere long the realization of a great National Church worthy of our Faith and the Capital City in which we all have pride.

Voters' Classes

Eleanor Bisbee

SINCE general sentiment and progress have largely transferred the goal of life from an after-world coronation with a halo to a here-and-now idealism, the question is, what difference does that actually make in 1923? One difference that it makes is that those heading for the old goal are anxious to line up with the saints in such time-honored occupations as casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea, but those with the new goal must line up for the more modern occupation of casting in their honest votes within a polling booth.

It may be all right to devote Sunday to learning the court procedure in a judgment-day assignment of seats at the right hand of God, but Sunday might also be used to good advantage in learning how to fill the seats of the mighty in the kingdom of heaven on earth so glibly mentioned in unison whenever any one says, "Let's all join in the Lord's prayer."

All right—let's! "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Maybe some one really knows how it is in heaven and can tell how to duplicate it, but for the present, according to the Bible, one thing is that the righteous shall be exalted, or words to that effect, oft-times repeated in sacred writ.

In 1924, American Christians, ex-Christians, sub-Christians and non-Christians together will exalt some one to the seat of the mighty known as the presidential chair of the United States. In the name of common sense and high idealism, would it be irreligious or in any way unfitting to spend a significant amount of time in the churches, the Sunday schools and Y. P. C. U.'s, from now to then, studying the righteousness, near-righteousness or unrighteousness of the various presidential candidates?

Politics are hard to discuss without bitterness. That is admitted. Certainly they warm up to a dangerous pitch on street corners and in offices and meetings. If, therefore, there is no other place for a voter to hear a presidential candidate's character discussed with charity, candor and decency, it would seem to behoove the avowed Christians to provide such a place.

It may not do old voters much good to argue about candidates. They know too much already, or think they do, but there are thousands of men who do not use their citizenship to appear at any polls, thousands of women not yet used to voting, thousands of twenty-one-year-olds entirely new to voting. Is there any insurmountable objection to the churches helping them out in the here-and-now where heaven is supposed to appear, as well as in a vague and nebulous hereafter? The chief objection probably is that the churches themselves do not know how. The suggestions below may help to start something definite.

This is an unusually critical presidential election. The whole world has something at stake in it. The field is now wide open for candidates. A new era can be inaugurated more readily than for generations past. Every time, however, that a young Christian wants to look into that all important field and see what is going on and every time that a Y. P. C. U. or a Sunday school class of young voters wants to talk over who's who among those lining up for the seat of the mighty in this earthly heaven, it is a safe bet that some one is going to wail that they are getting away from religion and the International Sunday School lesson and are dragging politics into the church, and there will be protests, arguments and maybe hard feeling and open antagonisms.

When young people are old enough to join a church it is considered extremely wise and proper to have a confirmation class of some sort where they can supposedly learn what they are doing. Every effort is made to tempt them into such classes. But when those same young people are to be turned out into this world to exert their "Christian influence," which they

were so carefully taught to receive, everything possible is commonly done to break up their efforts to get together and learn how to do it. As a sort of a compromise any outline of Sunday school lessons may drop in a mild question here and there about the implication of the lesson in relation to citizenship, or a devotional meeting topic card may allow one topic on the "duties of citizenship," but there is more to it than that.

An evangelistic campaign calls for a confirmation class. A presidential campaign might justly call for a voters' class conducted for months in advance. For safety's sake, to keep out the bigotry, the bitterness, the prejudice and all that, of the hard-boiled, grown-up voters, the churches might adopt some such tactics as these:

1. Have some one, the minister or some just man, if the minister can not qualify, drill the young people in the names and present official capacities of each possible presidential candidate, so that Christians will at least remember who is in the running better than by simply glancing over newspaper headlines and reading only about their favorites. A five-minute drill period in Sunday school could be used fully as profitably on learning the possible good or bad followers of Christ in the places of power in the world to-day where his work must be carried on, as in learning the list of good or bad predecessors that formed his political lineage in the Old Testament.

2. Have as far as possible equal quantities of literature regarding all the candidates kept available in some literature rack. It will do as much good to spread data on all candidates impartially as to spread propaganda for Darwin or Bryan, now counted entirely suitable for church distribution, although it does not touch people's Christian lives as universally as will the next presidential election.

3. Have a voters' class of any and all voters, and teach thoroughly the methods of procedure in presidential elections from the convention nominations through the voting to the inauguration. God's presence is counted on for the solemn inaugural ceremony, where prayer is offered and the Bible by which the candidate takes his oath is the voucher for his sincerity. Every minister will pray for divine guidance for the man who is elected. Is it unsuitable then to use "God's houses," the churches, for classes to learn how to choose the subject of the prayers? Without necessarily dictating what man to elect, let the church show its members their responsibility in doing so and how they are to go about it.

4. Have real freedom, especially for the young and unbiased voters, to talk it over among themselves, whether in Y. P. C. U. or Sunday school, without some one putting on the lid because they are talking politics.

5. Have the denominational officials appoint in each state or district some person who can avoid personal prejudice to whom questions may be addressed for further information. Let that person's one attribute and object be accuracy. There are many churches without available resources for information. Let this appointee be a sort of clearing house of information on any question asked, it being his responsibility to keep a good clip file of data and to be able to look up in libraries or by correspondence with Washington or other centers, the things that he does not know.

Decidedly do not let any class, Y. P. C. U. or church take a stand as a body for or against any candidate or any platform at all. That *would* be mixing the church up with politics.

Giving individual church people a chance, however, to vote intelligently and conscientiously, is quite different from having an official stand taken by any group or organization. The former is very necessary if Christianity is seriously interested in an earthly heaven or a heavenly earth, whichever it may be. The one thing that an individual left to himself seldom does thoroughly is to study all the candidates honestly and carefully. Ninety per cent of the people wait until the nominations are made and study only the nominees, or, still worse, study only the standard bearer of their own party, or their father's party which they have adopted without thinking.

Knowing all the candidates is a great thing. It shows what a President will be up against even after his election, for the opposing candidates represent the lines of thought that will run counter to the man elected through his whole term, for while the defeated candidate may become a truly loyal backer of the one elected, the people who voted for the defeated man are going right on exerting that powerful back-home influence which sways administrations through Congressional influence even if it can not put its candidate in the White House.

Yes, this is an exceptional campaign. Not for years has the presidential field been wide open for all newcomers. There is no candidate for a second term, the third term bugaboo can not stick up its head, and the road to the White House is unusually clear. Many old points of view have been scrapped since the war. If opportunity knocks only once, this is certainly a time when the opportunity for an intelligent citizenship to poll a tremendous vote on the immediate merits of the candidates rather than on past prejudices is simply pounding for recognition. If the churches, especially the young people's departments, turn a deaf ear or let cotton be stuffed in their ears by prejudiced elders, they certainly had better drop to the foot of the class in civilization, instead of claiming to lead the way to heaven on earth where the righteous can be exalted to the high places.

It is a chance for the Universalist Church, which has always recognized the rights of youth, to lead the way in an intensive educational but not propaganda campaign for an informed Christian citizenship that will turn out to cast ballots for the candidate each one has personally and conscientiously selected after a careful study of all.

* * *

There is reason to believe that organized labor is not unaware of its opportunity and the responsibility which it entails. The recent appeal of the American Federation of Labor for the observance of Labor Sunday gives a clear recognition of the spiritual factors in industrial relations and declares the essentially spiritual aims of the labor movement. This statement commands the respectful attention of the public. The public in turn will expect that the spiritual aims of the labor movement will make themselves manifest in very definite ways during the new period upon which we have entered.—*Federal Council of Churches.*

The Wisdom of the Workers

Japanese Facts through a Picture Alphabet

A. Gertrude Earle

FROM the days of the New England Primer to the last A B C book in the children's bookstore, the alphabet has furnished a clue by which one finds his way through the labyrinth of knowledge. How could we ever find a word in the dictionary without the alphabet? Or a number in the telephone book? Or the first line of a hymn in an index?

Mrs. Lizzie L. Bullock, the efficient Junior Superintendent of the Worcester, First, Sunday school, has made good use of this clue. Her little people know the "Scripture Alphabet," and love to recite the verses as the letters are called. An "Alphabet for Junior Workers" has guided many a teacher through her perplexing way.

The latest achievement of this resourceful lady is a "Picture Alphabet of Japan and our Japanese Missionaries." It takes the form of a loose-leaf book, with twenty-six pages of commercial note paper and covers of board in a delicate tint. The first cover bears the title lettered on Japanese paper, and a colored picture of Japanese children at play. The back cover is decorated with a drawing of the flag of Nippon.

Each page of the book is headed with a letter of the alphabet, beneath which are pictures whose titles begin with the letter. With wonderful foresight, a man had been chosen as head of our Mission whose name begins with just the right letter, so at the top of the first page we see "Dr. and Mrs. Ayres at the Entrance of the Missionary House." The B page has pictures of the Blackmer Home. The C page includes Dr. Cate, his little sons, and a charming print of Cherry Blossom Time. It is easy to guess where Miss Hathaway or Miss Osborne is to be found. One page is crowded with Hazel Kirk, Bernice Kent, and Mr. Kawabata. The Stetsons and our Shizuoka church fill another page. W brings colored pictures of the wisteria and V a print of a volcano. The X page shows happy children at their games, "*exactly* like our girls and boys."

The charming book will furnish a happy hour to any one who is fortunate enough to see it, and will surely help Mrs. Bullock in many a Sunday school lesson about Japan. This description ought to give practical suggestions to Sunday school workers who read. These occur to the writer:

1. Play a game with your class or department. How many names of people or places or things in Japan can you think of for each letter in the alphabet? You will not get very far the first Sunday, but keep at it until your alphabet is complete.

2. Let your class or department make such a book. Give each individual or class one or more letters, to find appropriate pictures. Choose a committee to select the best from those brought in and make the book. This may be made a genuine "missionary project" that will enlist real co-operation and give much information.

3. After the book has been made, give drills by naming a letter to which the pupils must match facts.

4. The book may be loaned to shut-ins or to adults of the parish.

The many people in our Church (some of them ministers), who can not tell the simple definite facts about our Japan Mission were not brought up in a Sunday school possessing such a Picture Alphabet.

The Making of a Missionary

THE letters printed below were not intended for publication—which makes them all the more interesting and suggestive. The fine fellow who wrote them is a student in one of our theological schools. He asked for a chance to try himself out, and his adviser, seeing an opportunity to relieve one of our most faithful missionaries, sent the youth as a substitute while the missionary sought a much needed change and rest. The quotations are from his letters to this adviser. They speak for themselves and suggest that we should use this method oftener in preparing our students for missionary work.

"Just a line to say that I arrived safely and am enjoying my work very much. Mr. Blank spent a couple of days with me and helped me get an idea of things. He certainly is a fine man.

"I have preached twice in this beautiful town. All the Orthodox denominations have fine churches and large congregations. We have a little back room in a business block. Here we hold services; here also I sleep on a folding bed and write my sermons on the communion table. I have been scouting around and meeting folks and I think that if a man could be here all the time, to mix in and push things, he could build up a strong center with a small church and a resident pastor and do a lot of good.

"Just at present we have a revivalist here named 'Cyclone Mac.' He is an ex-gunman and gambler, uneducated, crude and sensational. But he is preaching twice a day to crowds of six or seven thousand people. His platform is: 'Sin black; Hell hot; Life short; Death certain; Eternity long.' He can talk for an hour and a half without saying anything.

"I have seven different preaching points, widely scattered. I like it very much. I never realized before that there were such places and such opportunity to spread liberal ideas. I certainly appreciate this opportunity."

"I surely appreciate your answering my note so soon. Letters mean much when a fellow is lonesome.

"Every day I grow more and more enthusiastic about this place and my work. The people here are

genuine. I am working hard to give them something helpful, but feel more and more that I am an inexperienced cub. I write a new sermon each week, so there will be abundant material for the dissecting table next fall.

"As to 'letting myself go,' that is the hardest thing I try to do. But I am feeling freer in my speaking and am getting away from my manuscript, and although in many places there is no 'pulpit to punch' I am getting a little more action in the way of gestures. But I hate the idea of being sensational.

"I am allowed $40 a month on which to live and am finding it hard to keep within the limit. My appetite is enormous and my laundry bills look like Germany's war debt. But I am scrimping, for I shall need some money when I begin school in the fall.

"I am very happy and know that from this summer's experience I shall derive lasting benefit. I find time to read and am devouring all the books for which I could find no time during the school year."

"I put in a lot of time roaming through the country and picking conversation with the people. I don't always let on that I am a preacher—that is, an embryo preacher—because when I do they do not seem so free with their opinions. What a wonderful experience this is and how fortunate I am to get the benefit of it all. I shall be sorry to leave it behind, but I shall be glad to get back and take up my studies again. No more fooling for mine. It's down to business from now on. There is so much to learn and do.

"I have preached six times, and seemingly with success. That makes me happy, for I do want to be of some use to these fine folks."

"Only two more weeks here. It will be with much regret that I leave the dear friends I have found here. I must come back next year—I just must, and that is all there is to it. Mr. Blank wants me to come, the people want me to come, and more than anything else I want to come. Do you think it can be arranged? Last week was spent on the seashore camping with some of my people. They are real folks and I love them."

Well, aside from purely personal matters this is all there is to the letters. But unless all signs fail, we have thus discovered and have in training another pioneer preacher and pastor. God send us more such.

F. O. H.

What Our People Are Thinking

FROM A LOYAL LAYMAN, DOWN EAST

I AM in favor of a definite program of advance, providing it can be determined that such a program is a real advance.

I do not find myself warmly enthusiastic about the Washington Memorial Church or the Perin Cate Home, but I am free to admit that I do not consider my opinion worth much because I do not know enough about the situation to justify an opinion, and I am glad and willing to accept the opinion of those who have concluded, after weighing, as I presume they have, the need, the purposes and, lastly, the desires, to justify the carrying forward of this project.

I have already subscribed, and I think I shall enlarge my subscription when I think the time has arrived for me to do it, but I must repeat that up to the present my enthusiasm has not gone with my subscription.

I believe our churches should be encouraged—when I say our churches, I mean our ministers—to be constantly on the lookout for manifestations of ability or interest along ethical, religious and moral lines, especially when coming from young people, and correlate this ability, recognize its peculiar fitness, and develop this ability to the utmost, giving it an opportunity to express itself and grow. I mean that a minister should, if he follows out the purpose of his calling, as I see it, become a leader in his church for the development of others, assuming that his development will enlarge and grow along with his leadership.

I note that it is common with the ministers to feel that their light must shine to the exclusion of all other smaller lights. As the moon in the heavens does not destroy the light of the stars, but only enhances and increases that beauty and brilliancy by comparison, so our ministers should serve in like degree. This, I feel, is along the lines of religious education.

To my mind, religious education should be clearly defined. All its purposes, avenues of approach, and realizations should be explained. I believe up to the present time it is rather an indefinite term, meaning little, except in a general way. To my mind it is the largest outlet for the development of religious life and growth that we have on the horizon, and is of a real honest nature and permanent in its results.

We are not dealing with theories, imaginary lives to come after death, theology—which, to my mind, is the disgrace of the Church for all past generations—or anything that is intangible. We are dealing with young life and the development of this life along right lines, teaching them and helping them to feel that there is more joy, more satisfaction, more happiness, in living a right life, a life where our minds are full of right thinking, than there is to have our minds all garbled with things that destroy right life and in the end bring unhappiness.

To my mind, the development, growth and future of our churches is in the hands of our ministers, and our future ministers are in the hands of the training schools and professors in these schools.

Selfishness, lives of ulterior motives, lives that have one trace of hate, spite, envy or jealousy, should not be developed to the least particle degree in our training schools for the ministers.

Our several services of worship should be so carried forward that they would attract, interest and hold all ages that come under the influence of our particular church. To my mind, to a large degree, the apparent lack of interest in church work is because of the lazy, indolent, uninteresting programs in

all branches of church work, which I hear everywhere I go, as they are carried forward Sunday after Sunday with no deviation, and, to my mind, with no apparent effort on the part of the ministers to introduce anything that means an application of initiative and energy on their part to bring about attractiveness, interest and a pull which would bring our people to such services.

Most Protestant churches, it seems to me, especially our branch, have discarded, entirely in line with my thinking, the idea of the fear of hell and punishment of an Almighty God. From my point of view we can not escape this punishment. If our conscience has told us that we have committed a wrong against our fellow men or against ourselves, the punishment is ours whether God wills it or not.

Having discarded this, we can not frighten people to line themselves up with our particular church organization. We must possess such a degree of leadership that they will sense and feel a stronger desire to live a life of love, friendliness and affection towards all human beings, which, as I understand it, was the life which Jesus lived as our example to go by.

I feel quite strongly that ulterior motives, lack of initiative and applied energy, and lack of desire to fulfil—which is overcome by a desire to receive—a desire to satisfy a personal ambition, is what stands in the way of religious progress to-day.

Our churches should take a stand, an unquestionable stand, on law and order, on world peace, and on any method which will bring this desired condition on the face of the earth.

I don't know that I have answered your letter. I don't know that I have even said anything. I don't know but I have wasted my time and yours, but I feel very sure that the constituency of our Church is anxious to serve, anxious to give of themselves, their time and their money, and anxious to be a part of the fulfilment of divine love in human hearts, if they can be shown the way. Who is to show us the way?

I am sure that some of our ministers are breaking their bodies and enlarging their souls to bring this about.

When petty bickerings, jealous ambitions and selfish motives can be eliminated from the hearts of all of us, the Kingdom of Heaven will then dwell in the hearts of men.

* *

FROM AN EVANGELIST

ONE thing I have on my mind and in my heart which I feel our Church should do, *viz.*, have a Social Service Secretary, devoting his whole time to the office.

We are justly proud of the position which the Universalist Church has held in the past along social service lines. But we can not live on the past; the future beckons; and the present demands that we take a more advanced step, in unison with the spirit of the age.

At the Baltimore Convention, if I remember correctly, a resolution was passed suggesting such a secretary, if "the man and the money could be found." It seems as though the man could be found in our Church, either in the laity or the clergy; and the money could not be better used, in my judgment, to further the cause of the Universalist Church and the Christian life in a Christian community here and now.

I believe the Massachusetts Convention has passed resolutions at two of its sessions, at least, recommending that this step be taken.

This action seems quite necessary, if we are to keep abreast with the times, and not be a laggard among the denominations.

* *

FROM A MINISTER WHO STICKS AND SUCCEEDS

MY suggestion concerning a proposed program of action for our Church is that we do not scatter our energies trying to cover too wide a range.

Let us center upon certain things and carry them on to a finish. I know that something new appeals, but our duty is to see the things begun through.

I would emphasize our Japan work. We have a great opportunity and duty here. Our support of the mission is not what it should be. Time at the Convention should be given to this important branch of our work.

Returned missionaries and others who have visited Japan should be given a chance to inform our people. Also our Home Mission work deserves a prominent place on our program.

The Religious Education work is so vital that its interests should be given great prominence.

We are doing well, but yet a great deal more needs to be done.

An adequate pension system for our ministers is a matter which should not be postponed any longer.

Let us decide upon the most essential things within the scope of our ability to undertake and do our best by them. Too many appeals confuse.

* *

FROM A SUCCESSFUL EDUCATOR

I AM glad that you are proposing a program covering five or ten years. I realize that it is much easier to suggest a program than it is to put such program into performance.

I rather think that first of all I would suggest, in view of the stringency of our receipts, a rearrangement of our general offices. I would make the Secretary of the General Convention an executive officer, having direct charge of the Sunday school work, Y. P. C. U. work and such other departments as there may be. Such trained workers as are needed in the Sunday school and Y. P. C. U. work should be employed as they are now. I would also suggest the abolishment of Regional Superintendents and make the office of General Superintendent purely a missionary office, which would involve pretty constant travel.

I would next suggest a tremendous propaganda along the line of the John Murray Lectureship. So far as I know about the matter, this lectureship has not been prosecuted with anything like the vigor that I should like to see put into it. Younger men should be in active charge, and from twenty-five to one hundred of our American cities where there is no preaching of the liberal faith should be visited by our

preachers. This is peculiarly true of the South, where the drift from the country to the city is surely going on, and it is only a question of time when we must have parishes in Southern cities or have practically no churches in the South.

I would suggest further an extensive campaign for funds for ministerial positions. I believe that many able men would be saved to our ministry if we had an adequate pension fund. I am glad to note in your circular that there is a possibility of delaying the erection of the Washington church until such time as the cost of building material falls. I think that nothing will be lost by delaying this whole matter for an indefinite period. I wish you to understand that in all these suggestions I am criticising myself as well as all the rest, and that whatever the Providence Convention may do it will have my entire and hearty support. I believe that we have altogether too few enterprises in which we are concerned. I have spent twenty-five years in money getting and most of my money is raised from people who are interested in many enterprises. I have felt that our leaders and officers have made a mistake along this line. We can hardly have too many interests. Many interests will demand many friends. A diversity of work will bring us larger funds, and that is what we want.

* *

FROM A VIRILE IOWA MAN

THE time has come for us to get busy as Universalists and to abandon this apologetic attitude which "keeps us from doing anything of which the Orthodox do not approve."

The Orthodox are a shrewd lot and have managed somehow to make us feel that it is not good form for us to emphasize our distinctive mission and message. Also, we have so much dislike for sectarianism that we have been too easily persuaded to soft-pedal our doctrines.

I was very strong for religious unity a year or two ago. I do not see things now just as I did then. Flirting with the Orthodox is dangerous business. Our job is to give thorough instruction in Universalism to our own people in plain and simple terms (for many of them do not know what it is) and then to send them out with the slogan: *Every Member a Missionary,* and start in the big task of converting *everybody* to the religion of common sense. When John Sayles said at Baltimore that every man and woman we meet on the street should be considered a prospective Universalist he spoke wisely.

We have taken the attitude that "it doesn't matter what church you go to," and the public has accepted this position and followed it to the logical conclusion: "If there is no difference in the quality of the religion, then I shall choose the largest, the nearest, or the most popular church." We have only ourselves to blame for the weakness of our denomination. We need more pride and a deeper conviction that the religion which has been entrusted to us is the only religion that can save the world.

Perhaps our first job is to convert our own ministers to this position. The next step is to work out a simple and logical *system* of presenting our religion in popular terms as applying to the needs of to-day.

As another practical suggestion it occurs to me that we do a very feeble work in setting aside a single Sunday now and then for concerted consideration of the most important aspects of religion.

We should give a month or two months over for intensive work on each important subject. The pulpit must be considered more in the nature of a teacher's desk. Suppcse, for instance, we decided as a denomination to set apart two months for intensive study of the peace problem. Then a definite course of instruction should be worked out, starting with certain postulates and following with logical precision step by step to certain definite conclusions. Able students in this field should prepare the outlines, giving us references. We ministers should be expected to read the prescribed books and prepare our sermons in exactly the same way in which the college professor prepares his lecture for the class room.

Take a two months' course in modern Universalism for example. And this might logically be the first subject for our attention. Eight lecture sermons to be delivered simultaneously in all our churches, as follows: 1. Cause of Origin and Brief Historic Sketch. Emphasize devotion and sacrifices of early Universalists. 2. John Murray and Hosea Ballou. 3. Universalism as a Religion of Protest. 4. Universalism as a Religion of Affirmation. Affirm theological and social doctrines. 5. False Impressions Corrected. 6. Liberal Fundamentals. (Care should be taken to make this succulent and snappy.) 7. The Social Gospel Inescapable. Not merely palliative social service but also attacking causes. 8. Points for Propagandists. In preaching this course of sermons repetition is not to be considered taboo. Repetition of important material should be made with "malice aforethought."

The General Convention could issue posters, pictures, charts, and special postal-cards, etc., in connection with this program which would be of much assistance to the local minister in putting the course over.

* *

FROM A NEW YORK STATE LEADER

A LIFE spent in our ministry has fixed in my mind certain things. The rules of the game of life are the same everywhere. The conditions of real success are universal. A church wins permanence, influence, prosperity, by the same qualities that win the same thing for an individual, a corporation, or a nation. When I came here, thirty-four years ago, no one believed I could accomplish anything, except my own father, who knew how I was made up. It was seventeen years before I could lay one stone in a permanent foundation here. There is not one Universalist church in any city in the United States to-day in a worse plight than they were here—divided, quarreling, bankrupt, discredited morally and spiritually. There is no secret in the outcome. It has been a matter of plain, patient, determined hard work with an ordinary bump of common sense. *Plus one thing.* I have cared more to win than I have for anything else under heaven. I have accepted the conditions. I have lived with my people, like my people, and during this whole thirty-four years I have never spent ten min-

utes over my own personal affairs, no finding fault with my people. The wise man accepts life on its own conditions. I have very little interest in most of the discussion about the future of our Church. I know that *now* wherever you find a Universalist minister who has average intelligence, and average ability as a public speaker, whose heart and soul are in his work, and who is contented and happy with whatever the Lord and his people bless him with, there is no problem other than the universal problems of work. Here in New York State we are already working out a program which reaches on into the years to come. We are going to build up a missionary fund that will help finance every real new opening, and save, if possible, some old situation. We are going to gather up enough funds to secure against sickness and old age among our ministers. We are drawing nearer together in a fine fellowship of co-operative love and devotion. We have no quarrels, we have no ambitions that divide us. It is all hard work. When is that not true? Our greatest difficulty lies in the failure of here and there a minister to catch the spirit of our whole enterprise. Beyond this we are under no illusions about *show work*, or advertising. We know that all the rest will depend upon our unselfish, consecrated faithfulness to the great trust which, under God, we have in our great Gospel of the Everlasting Love. Let no man, no church, delude itself with the notion that there is any other way to win increasing and permanent spiritual success.

* *

FROM A PROMISING BEGINNER

HOME Missions: It seems to me that Brooks' struggles in Texas indicate a denominational weakness. We need capable, *well-paid* missionaries permanently located where a stiff Orthodoxy offers us a field. Results mean years of work in a limited field. It does not seem fair to ask a man to open new territory with his salary in doubt or small, while others are comfortable in established churches. The denomination must grow or die—missionaries well paid by the General Convention seems to be the only answer. Might this not be worth more than an expensive Washington church?

Foreign Missions: No doubt wise and necessary, but I think that our people need to be prepared for the time when our "plants" shall be turned over to the natives, and our people taught that this work is for international good-will, uplift, but not necessarily for denominational aggrandizement.

Religious Education: Might be well to circularize finds, methods, which have worked especially well. Outstanding books recommended for workers. This will probably be rated as "foolish," but I hope to eventually see and use a "text" more satisfactory for religious education and moral training than the Bible and Bible lessons. So much must be explained away as "primitive misunderstanding," "acceptable morality in those days," etc., etc. Science, our own history, ethics, etc., ought to yield a better teaching medium. Some form of week-day instruction may be necessary.

Social Service: Interdenominational co-operation—are we not too small to accomplish much alone? Keep our ministers and people informed of industrial experiments, of the *facts* of labor troubles.

Internationalism: Oppose war, naturally, and advocate disarmament, world courts, justice rather than profit as a national aim. Exchange preachers with foreign countries.

* *

FROM A VETERAN CITY PASTOR

LET us attend strictly to our own work as a denomination, while showing a Christian spirit towards all other denominations. It would be a great mistake for us, in my opinion, at the present stage of affairs, to form any sort of an organic union, directly or indirectly, with any other denomination. We should lose more than we should gain by it in both prestige and efficiency. We hold, as it is, a strategic position, and should be wise enough not to be beguiled out of it.

Let us concentrate our efforts in missionary work, instead of pursuing a diffusive policy, and locate, for a while, no more offices or officials.

Let us make a determined effort to raise the money which is necessary for the Memorial Church in Washington, and never cease till we get it; and not begin to build till we are able to finish. If we raise only a part of what is needed, and build only a part of the proposed buildings, the probability is that we shall never do any more than that, and the passer-by will have occasion to remind us of that passage of Scripture which says "This man began to build and was not able to finish."

If we can not raise all of the money which is needed at present, owing to the high cost of building, let us raise what we can and put it at interest till we have enough for the purpose.

What I have said about the Washington church is applicable also to the Perin-Cate building. At least, so it seems to me.

* * *

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Orlando K. Hollister

AS I have worked with young people all of my life I have been deeply interested in the young people of our denomination. For many years I have observed with much alarm the apparent indifference of Universalists generally in regard to the welfare of Universalist institutions and especially the indifference of parents in regard to having their children support the organizations of our churches. As a result our young people were rapidly drifting away from us to other churches that were liberal in their teaching but not in creed. The interest in our Y. P. C. U. was decreasing and there was a constant falling off in membership.

During the last two years I have had occasion to observe some of the results of the systematic work among our young people that has been directed by Stanley Manning. I have attended the last two midwinter banquets of our young people in Maine. I have been delighted with the enthusiasm shown by these young people in the welfare of the Universalist Church. Their actions and their speeches showed that they realized the beauties of our faith and that they believed in the work of our Church. They were proud of the work that the Universalists were doing and

pledged themselves to the support of Universalist things.

I have just returned from the Institute of our young people at Ferry Beach, and I am delighted with what I saw there. It was a gathering of splendid young men and women from all parts of New England and some from other states. They came to gain inspiration and new ideas from the classes, to help them in their work at home. They proved to me that the new policy instituted four years ago is a great success. I was particularly pleased to observe the spirit of good fellowship that existed among them. They were like the members of one large family.

I tented on the camp ground with seventy-five to one hundred of them, and I came to appreciate something of their worth. I rejoice that we have such young people who will work in their communities for our Church and stand ready to uphold its principles. The future of any Church is bright that can rally such young people to its support.

Whatever changes may be advocated at Providence in regard to policies, I hope nothing will be done to interfere with the great work that is being done among our young people under the leadership of their Director, Stanley Manning.

Westbrook Seminary.

* * *

HERBERT GUNNISON ON FLETCHER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Perhaps something about the latter day life of Dr. Austin B. Fletcher in New York City may be of interest. He surely will rank as one of the most generous men in our denomination.

Many appreciative tributes have already been paid to his memory. I was closely associated with him for many years and held him in high esteem. I first met him in Madrid, Spain, then at Palm Beach, and for several years was a member with him of a small but somewhat famous luncheon club in New York City. For years this club, which numbered about fifteen members, lunched every other Saturday during the winter months at a round table in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. For the last two years the lunches were held in the Union League Club. Among the members were Harry B. Quimby, former Governor of New Hampshire, the late Wm. A. Nash, a member of the Church of the Divine Paternity, President Peters of the Long Island Railroad, and many other well known men. Mr. Fletcher was a recognized leader of the club and often cleverly directed the conversation at the table. Years ago he presented a silver loving cup which was always placed on the table and had engraved upon it the autographs of all the members.

Dr. Fletcher's home was at the Metropolitan Club. He lived a quiet life. His delight was to invite a party of friends to his club to dinner on a Tuesday night and then take them as his guests to the Metropolitan Opera House.

He was deeply interested in education and at one time I was under the impression that he intended to endow a new college which would carry his name. But his splendid gift to Tufts College clearly indicates where his choice lay. He was often asked to give money to other colleges, but with rare wisdom he decided not to scatter his funds but to put them where they would firmly establish the institution of his benefactions.

His last public appearance, a few months ago, was at the Plaza Hotel, where he presided as president of the Institute for Social Service. There was a very large attendance and Mr. Fletcher with rare charm and felicity of speech introduced, among the speakers, Sir Auckland Geddes, the English Ambassador, and M. Jules J. Jusserand, Ambassador from France, who with other guests received the society's medal for distinguished service.

He was a director in several banks and a trustee in the largest savings bank of the city. He had been a very successful lawyer and had charge of many large interests, because of the confidence he inspired in his clients. His advice was often sought on matters outside of his profession. His friends were many and loyal. His life was well rounded and filled with good cheer, sympathy, helpfulness and religion.

H. F. Gunnison.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Crow

IN the place where we go in the Summer, there cometh no Garbage-Man unto our Back Gate, but we take the Garbage unto a place remote from the house, and dump it in the Woods. Now my little Grandson went to empty out the Garbage, and he ran unto me, saying, There is a Great Black Bird that is amid the Garbage, and he flieth not away. Howbeit, he stretcheth forth his Broad Wings as if he would Fly, but he flieth not.

And I went unto the place, and found a Crow; and it was even as he said. The Crow sought to fly but could not.

And I laid hold upon him, and I found that he had caught himself in a Briar. And the Long Thorns had entered his flesh in such fashion that when he sought to Fly the Green Briar tightened about him and the thorns went deeper into his flesh. And no man could have devised a Trap that thus would have caught a Crow, but that Crow was caught.

And I held him while I drew out the thorns, and there were but two of them, but they went deep into him. And when he was free from the Thorns, I considered.

And I took him unto Keturah, and the children they also went with me. And I said, Any farmer would tell me what to do with this Crow. Shall I do as they tell me?

And Keturah said, Whatever a Farmer may do and ought to do concerning Crows that eat his corn, he may determine and not we. But this poor, wounded thing hath done us no harm, and the more Garbage he eateth the better. Let the children stroke his back for a little space, and then release him.

And this I did, and the Crow remained near us for certain days while his wounds healed, and he found his food in the same place where we found him. And I said, Elijah had his bread brought unto him by birds like unto you; credit this to Elijah on account.

And as I saw the Crow from day to day, I considered how content he was not to rob corn-fields when other food was furnished unto him, and I wondered

how many birds of dark plumage and men of darkened lives have been made predatory because there was no way found to feed them from that which would have cost other men little. For it is not the fault of the Crow, as I suppose, that he hath no red breast like the Robin, or beautiful song like the Nightingale.

Now this I know, that some Husbandman will write unto me an Epistle saying, Thou art Weakly Sentimental; and if thou didst have to Re-Plant Corn four times by reason of the Robberies of the Crows, thou wouldst kill every Crow that the Lord delivered into thine hand. And I doubt not this is true. But he who holdeth in his hand a living thing that the Thorns have cruelly wounded must not be chided for his Comapssion. And besides, there was Keturah, and she said to loose him and let him go.

* * *

INCENTIVES IN INDUSTRY ANALYZED*

Mr. J. A. Hobson, one of the more brilliant of the younger English economists, has made frequent contributions to the study of industrial problems, but he has written no book that is better thought out or more concisely written than this one. He has selected for the subject of his consideration a limited, but important, area of the individual problem. He does not try to show what the new order in all its details is to be, but merely attempts to discover the motives that will be at work, once the old motive of competition is taken away.

There has long been need that the subject should be treated from this angle, because the proponents of *laissez-faire* center their defense about the question of motives. Mr. Hobson meets them fairly and squarely on their own ground. He first asserts that the new order is already upon us, saying: "I am confronting the central facts of the new situation: (1) that free competition is no longer existent in some of our fundamental industries and can not be restored; (2) that in these industries capitalist combination, often accompanied by labor combination, has brought intolerable dangers to other industries and to the consuming public; (3) that public control of these monopolies or quasi-monopolies is recognized as necessary; (4) that reasonable distrust of central bureaucratic management demands that any public ownership or control be accompanied by representative self-government adjusted to the character of the several industries thus 'nationalized.' "

Having joined issue with his opponents in fundamental fashion, Mr. Hobson turns to their own arguments, which he sets forth as fairly and as concretely as they could ever hope to do. Briefly summarized, these are: the want of adequate provision for financing the socialized industries; the failure of industrial management where labor is strong or into which State interference enters to secure the best services of scientific experts, inventors, etc.; defective discipline in the workshop; inadequate protection of the consumer.

With this statement made, each criticism is reviewed. Mr. Hobson argues that capital can be secured under the new order as readily as under the old. It is true that incomes will be distributed more generally, but this will mean merely that savings will come from small investors instead of large. Savings may very possibly be a smaller proportion of earnings than at present, but if productivity increases, as it should under the influence of the incentives which Mr. Hobson discusses later, the amount of capital will remain the same or become even greater. Moreover, the fact that investments in socialized industries will be far safer than the speculative investments of the present will itself be an incentive to thrift. In short, we do not need, as some economists have argued, large fortunes with tremendous surpluses above the ability to use, in order to insure the maintenance of capital.

The second charge against the new industrial order, that it will be lacking in initiative and enterprise, can best be answered in Hobson's own words: "(1) The industries proposed for nationalization, being relatively staple and routine in character, have less use for these qualities than those industries which remain within the sphere of private competitive enterprise. (2) A great deal of this initiative and enterprise has no place in socialized industry, being directed either to the achievement of profitable victories over trade competitors, or to the establishment of a monopolistic power to tax consumers, or to the performance of successful coups in the financial sphere. (3) Nationalized industries should, however, be able to attract as much of these creative and progressive powers as they require from men who combine them with a keen public spirit and a high regard for such distinction as the public services can be made to afford."

With capital and management cared for, Mr. Hobson turns his attention to labor, which, it has been charged, will be slack and inefficient if it has a large share in control. To this criticism the best answer is that men are inefficient under the present order, because they realize that harder work will bring greater profits not to them but to their employers. Once given a definite interest in industry, both in the management and in the profits, labor will have greater incentives to effort than fear of discharge, the chief goad under competition, can possibly provide. Mr. Hobson does not prescribe set methods for the abolition of the fear of unemployment, which at present leads to "ca' canny," or for the establishing of self-government, but merely suggests some of the possible ways that might be used according to the conditions of the particular industry in question.

The last criticism, that of inadequate protection for the consumer, is answered by the declaration that the State, which represents the people as consumers and not as producers, will form the final court of appeal for the settlement of conflicting claims. Here Mr. Hobson breaks with many of the Guild Socialists, but his points are well taken. In addition to state control, a National Industrial Council, which would, among other things, provide publicity for conditions in industry, seems to Mr. Hobson to guarantee the protection of the consumers' interests.

This brief summary of Mr. Hobson's analysis of the incentives that will insure the productivity of the new industrial order may indicate something of the spirit of the book. Without prejudice and without dogmatism the author has searchingly examined the situation. Observe that he does not commit himself to any one scheme of industrial organization. Observe, too, that he speaks of a new industrial order and not of a new political or social order. He sees that the old order of *laissez faire* has gone with the result that incentives provided by competition are weakened. Hence our industrial system is functioning imperfectly and many are suggesting "hasty theories and experiments" such as syndicalism and socialism. These remedies are impossible because they center about an entire new set of economic motives, and propose to subject all the many and varying conditions of industry to a single form of organization. "While nothing can be more certain than that the old arrangements of incentives to efficient industry will no longer work and need to be replaced by new ones, it is equally certain that the psychology of this reform must be adapted to the special technical and human conditions of the several industries, and the types of business in each industry, with close regard to the racial and other natural and educated characters of the employees. Finally, the pace and extent to which reformed industrial methods are capable of application will largely depend upon the education of the general body of citizen-consumers and their willingness to give serious attention to the central processes of industrial government through an intelligently ordered State."

Indeed, this is a valuable book! It deals with realities in a spirit of optimism, and to those who hope for a new order to be achieved by a steady, logical development and not by revolution, it furnishes a concrete and satisfying basis for that hope. Brief, condensed in thought, clearly written, it can be easily read and understood, a rare thing in a book that is an original and distinctive contribution to the study of the subject.

G. H.

*J. A. Hobson, "Incentives in the New Industrial Order."

Home and Children

THE MEANING

Rita Bertsch

As ships at sea come sailing in
Across the waves at night,
Their man-made lights upon them still,
Reflected calm and bright,

Above Thy stars, Thy waiting stars,
Beneath Thy waves most strong—
Resistless, forceful, yet alert
To send the burden on,

Yet oft the restless waters stir,
And they who sail alarm,
Lest hiding in its mystery
Are danger, dread and harm.

So on the ways of life upheld
Our human goings span,
Above them lights in eyes of love,
Beneath Thy peace and plan.

At times the distant sea ahead
Seems chafing, misty, mad,
And we with timid hearts and ways
Grow frightened, puzzled, sad.

But oft at sea the sailor knows
More danger in a calm
Than fretful waves and tossing ships
Can ever bring or harm.

So human lives have more to fear
From hearts benumbed, grown dull,
Than sullen pain, and trouble keen,
And hurts no smiles can lull.

For moving waters bear upward,
And tossing waves uphold,
And questioning hearts find answer
In faith not known of old.

So as the heavens' starlight
Shines out upon the sea,
Oh, show us clear reflected
The love that comes from Thee,

The dearer touch of friends grown close,
For, though Thy children, we
Need closer earth lights also,
As do the ships at sea.

* * *

THE MYSTERY MAN

THE band concert on the campus was just starting. "There he is," breathed Hester, squeezing her brother Ronald's hand. "And he's looking at us in the same way."

Around them under the stars throngs of people were seated on the grass about a square patch of light where on a raised platform the university band was playing. Clear and strangely sweet was the melody, now soft, now loud. And through it all the mysterious man staring at them—staring at them as he had every band concert night since they had started on the first Wednesday in May.

"I can just feel those eyes of his looking me through and through," thrilled Ronald. "But I'm not afraid," he added quickly. "He wouldn't dare to touch us with all these people 'round."

"And with Mr. Smiley, the policeman, so nice and near," put in little Hester, moving a trifle closer to the roped-in square of light where a big, spick and span policeman marched back and forth, a bunch of programs in his white gloved hand.

"We're safe enough," comforted Ronald, smiling up at the policeman as he passed. "All we've got to do is to be sure he doesn't follow us home. As long as he doesn't know where we live, he can't do anything. It's queer we see him only band concert nights."

Hester peeped again with a sort of joyous fear at the mysterious face. Under the overhanging eyebrows, deep-set shadowy eyes peered back at her. Arms folded, chin sunk on his chest, the man seemed to be lost in thought. "Maybe he isn't really looking at us," Ronald had suggested the first time they had noticed him. But now they knew positively that he was. Hadn't they changed positions and changed positions, and by and by didn't the strange man change his, too—every time? Yes, he was watching them; not a chance for a doubt. And they found it delightfully exciting. Not for worlds would they have told their timid little mother about him, though; she would have put a stop to their coming. And their jolly, teasing father, he would have laughed at them, and taken all the thrilling mystery from the situation. Who could he be? Beneath the dark, stately elm trees, listening to the strange, stirring music, the children wondered. Now and again a ghost of a smile flitted across the face of the man. He didn't look like a villain somehow. And yet he might be!

The program was coming to an end. Mr. Smiley, the spick and span policeman, threw aside the rope and let the crowds press close about the platform. The well-known strains of "Illinois" filled the air, and, forgetting the mystery man, they put their whole hearts into the music. Suddenly Hester stopped singing; so did Ronald. The man was tight beside them, pressed close by the crowds. So near they didn't even dare to whisper. The song ended Ronald clasped Hester's hand very tight and started away.

"Just one minute," a deep voice spoke from behind them. "Your mother never comes to the concerts?" questioned the tall figure.

"No—no, sir," stammered Ronald; "she and dad, they listen from our porch. We live only,"—oh, he was actually telling where they lived! "Excuse us, please," he finished swiftly. "But they'll be wondering where we are." Pushing Hester ahead of him, he hurried her through the home-going stream of people. Glancing fearfully back, no sign did he see of the tall stranger. In a very few minutes they had joined their parents.

He had actually spoken to them—after weeks of just staring and staring. What would happen next? Ronald wondered if he ought not to tell his father.

"Maybe," it was Hester who made the suggestion next day, "maybe he's a long lost brother of mother's or father's, one who ran away to sea or something

when he was a boy. I look like mother, and you look almost 'zactly like dad."

"We could ask 'em," mused Ronald. "Wouldn't it be great to bring a long lost uncle home from the band concert?"

Probably he would be mother's brother because he'd asked about her. The boy's eyes glowed. He pictured himself saying grandly: "Here's your brother. You thought he was lost, but here he is safe and sound." And mother would fall on his neck; it would be splendid.

But alas for his hopes; neither his mother or father could lay claim to a long lost brother. But it might be some other relative.

"We could look in the old album," suggested Hester that evening. "I could tell him even if he's lots younger. I know I could—by his eyes."

The album was old and yellow. They had not looked through it for months. Carefully they studied each pictured face. They came to the very last page. Only a faded picture of a baby in long clothes gazed back at them.

'There are some more loose ones in a box. I'll get 'em," announced Hester.

In a moment she was back with the box. Off came the cover, and there he was on the very top of the pile. Not a photograph, but a portrait cut from a newspaper. "It is, it is, it is—oh," cried Hester, "it is!"

"Surest thing you know," declared Ronald. "Now let me do the talking," he cautioned as he led the way upstairs. "We won't tell her now; we'll just bring him. Mother," he called, "who's this?"

Mother wasn't in the sewing room, however, but dad was. "Why," asked Mr. Roycroft, "where in the world did you unearth that?"

"But who is it?"

Mr. Roycroft stroked his chin thoughtfully. "I seem to have forgotten his name," he began, "but—I know something very exciting about him."

"What?"

Tantalizingly he smiled at the two eager faces, then said: "When your mother was about Hester's age he ran away with her, and it took the police of ten counties to get her back."

"A kidnapper!" Speechless the children stared.

"No fear of his kidnaping her now, though," he added smiling. "He was 'way out in California the last we heard of him—when your mother found that picture in the newspaper."

"But he's—"

"Sh—" Ronald pinched Hester's arm. "Come," he whispered.

Out in the back yard under the spell of the juicy red raspberries Hester got her courage back. "Anyway, he wouldn't steal a big lady," she remarked comfortably. "They don't, do they?"

"Of course not," assured Ronald. But his eyes were on the lighted window in the kitchen. Like a golden picture it showed against the darkness of the oncoming night—a golden picture of his pretty mother in her frilly blue dress and white apron, stirring bread in a shiny yellow bowl. He wasn't at all sure that no one would steal a lady—especially that lady. He looked carefully around—maybe other eyes, dark shadowy ones, might be staring, too. He ought to do something right away. In the lighted window dad appeared; he had the checker board under his arm. Mother was washing her hands. They were going to have their evening game of checkers, in which father always beat. She'd be safe.

"Let's go see Mr. Smiley now," he said.

Hand in hand they were soon standing in front of the big policeman. Did he know the man who always sat in the very front row at the concerts, with his arms folded and big heavy eyebrows? He did. But as for his being a kidnapper, he just laughed at them. "Come, I'll take you over and introduce you, and you'll laugh, too," said he.

How they did tremble when Mr. Smiley rang the bell of the big square house on the corner! And when the door opened they turned quite pale. But it was only the maid servant. "No, sir; he isn't in," she informed them.

Not in! "I bet he is prowling 'round our house!" Ronald exclaimed. Perhaps father had gone out. Perhaps mother was alone. Perhaps! Ronald was beside himself. Why hadn't he told his father—why! Pulling frantically at Mr. Smiley's hand, he hurried him along.

In the lighted doorway of his home, Mr. Roycroft was standing. "Children, where have you been?" he cried.

"We have a visitor," he added, "the wicked ogre of the picture. Sure as you're alive."

"Charles, do stop teasing those children," came their mother's voice. "Children," she went on, "this is Professor Baird. He knew me years ago when I was only eight. He's been watching you at the band concerts. Hester set him thinking, and it came to him only this evening that she reminded him of me."

The children looked at the tall man holding out his hand. No ghost of a smile on his face now, but a very real one; and in the bright light of the sitting room there was nothing the least bit mysterious about him either.

"But, mother, didn't he—didn't he kidnap you when you were a little girl?"

Professor Baird chuckled delightfully. "I did," he declared, "but I was only seven at the time myself. We hid in a circus wagon. She wanted to be a bareback rider, and I was dead set on walking the tight rope. But our careers were cut short. Will you forgive me and come and play with my little boy?"

And of course they did.—*Myra A. Wonn, in Continent.*

* * *

CLIMB THE STALK, YOUNG BEAN!

Young Mr. Bean was interviewing his sweetheart's father on the subject of marrying the young lady.

"Where are you employed?" asked the old gentleman suspiciously. "Have you any chance for promotion?"

"The best in the world," replied young Bean with enthusiasm. "Except for the office boy, I now hold the lowest position in the concern!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

DECEPTIVE

Young wife: "If this is an all-wool rug, why is it labeled cotton?"

Shop Assistant (confidentially): "That, madaim, is to deceive the moths!"—*London Mail.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

WORLD KINDRED WEEK IN CHICAGO

A missionary achievement of one city, which enlists the participation of fifty thousand young people of various denominations, inspires editorial comment of Chicago papers, wins commendation from the Prseident of the United States of America, and helps tens of thousands of people to better race relations and missionary interest, is worthy of the attention of all other cities.

Such are the accomplishments of World Kindred Week in Chicago. World Kindred Week did not just happen. It was not a sudden, spectacular and meteoric flash. It was the climax of months of careful, painstaking missionary education.

Fifty thousand young people, members of various denominational young people's organizations, determined to set themselves to the task of aiding in the solution of the race problem in Chicago and of developing greater interest in home and foreign missions. They worked through the Young People's Commission of the Chicago Federation of Churches. Following the line of the mission study themes for the year, they centered on India and Inter-Racial Relations. Beginning in December, five months before their final World Kindred Week, they planned careful study and preparation to culminate in the production of two great religious dramas, "Finger Prints," a drama play on race relations, and "Tides of India," a pageant play portraying, with a cast of five hundred young people, India's religious destiny. Natives of India took part, and real tropical animals were introduced in some of the episodes.

The impression made by its two productions of "Tides of India" in Medinah Temple, the largest convention hall in Chicago, with the second largest stage in the world, will abide with thousands of spectators. The play was written by Helen L. Willcox, and directed by Ruth Worrell.

"Finger Prints," the play on race relations, was written by Charlotte C. S. Chorpenning, a Chicago woman, for an equal number of white and negro players. The study concerns the attempt of both white and colored people to improve their community, and shows how Christianity makes possible right inter-racial relationships.

The *Chicago Daily Journal* made the following comment editorially: "World Kindred Week is a splendidly ambitious and high purposed enterprise. The enterprise is worth while as a demonstration of the spiritual unity which transcends sectarian lines when the Gospel is considered in its broader aspects as a solution for vexed problems underlying the relations of races and peoples. Here denominational differences are submerged by the youth of the Church for a common cause, and the stage and the drama become a means for conveying to Chicago a message of fundamental oneness in the service of mankind. To our thought, this undertaking marks a new era in religious work."

President Warren G. Harding, in a letter to the Young People's Commission commending their effort to contribute to the solution of the race problem, urged the development of greater co-operation between the white and black races. He said in part: "Racial amalgamation there can not be. Partnership of the races in developing the highest aims of all humanity there must be if humanity, not only here but everywhere, is to achieve the ends we have set forth."

The mission study themes for 1923-24, "Saving America through her Girls and Boys" and "Japan," challenge the co-operation of the churches of the cities and counties of America for similer presentation.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* Providence, Oct. 20, 21, 22 and 23. *
* The Get-together Supper will be *
* an innovation. Our enthusuastic *
* friend, Mr. Fred Carr, over at the *
* Church of the Mediator, and his *
* committee are already at work. *
* They have their menu planned and *
* perhaps they have some of their *
* food bought. This will be a supper, *
* not a banquet, and the price will be *
* so low that every conventionist can *
* afford to be present. *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

GEORGIA TO ORGANIZE

Vermont organized a State Association two years ago; Alabama did so last year; Connecticut is likely to do so next year. All this is in the line of increased efficiency.

Now comes word that Georgia has voted to take the necessary steps toward organization. Mr. Haynie Summers has special charge of the matter, which assures energetic and successful work. It is pleasing to have him say, "My first desire is to co-operate with the General Sunday School Association."

* *

SUCCESS AT FERRY BEACH

Sunday School Week at Ferry Beach was an unqualified success. The Sunday School Institute beginning on Aug. 5 and continuing through Aug. 11 was appreciated by all who attended the sessions. It was filled with inspiration and real accomplishments. There was a larger enrollment than on any previous year. This was the fifth annual institute, and one hundred and ten registered to take the courses. The faculty, who all spoke to well-attended classes, were as follows:

Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D.D., gave splendid lectures on "The Bible for Young Americans." His readings of the Scriptures were most effective and inspiring and drew big classes. Rev. A. Gertrude Earle for three periods spoke on Japan, and surely brought many interesting facts concerning this country to her hearers. Her other two periods were given to methods for teaching missions. Our new General Sunday School Association field worker, Miss Mary Slaughter, made her first appearance as an Institute teacher. Miss Slaughter made a very favorable impression and ably handled four periods on "The Elementary Worker" and two on "Dramatic Pageantry." Another new teacher introduced for the first time at our Institutes was Mrs. Lizzie Bullock, who is a very successful junior department superintendent. Mrs. Bullock from her long experience in this work brought many valuable suggestions to her class. The dean of the faculty, Mr. Carl A. Hempel, discussed Sunday School Management, the social, the study and the worship sides of the Sunday school, in three periods, and "Holding Adolescents" during the other three.

Rev. George E. Huntley, D.D., visited the school and brought a stirring message, "The Growing Period." Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D.D., also gave a fine address on "Making Universalists." Miss Earle held an afternoon session on handwork in connection with missions and Mr. Hempel had a similar session on Daily Vacation Bible Schools. Miss Carrie Wickes, the efficient secretary, duplicated her success of former years, and added much to the fine spirit of the institute.

On Wednesday night, Dr. McCollester gave a fine lecture on Dickens and His London. On Friday night the whole group assembled on the beach for a beautiful memorial vesper service in memory of our late President Warren G. Harding.

Miss Ruth Owens was recreational director and with the assistance of the dean presented a very entertaining program. There was a get-together dance, camp-fire and stunts on the beach, a big stunt night in the pavilion and the usual final Saturday night feature, "The Big Minstrel Show." Nearly forty took part in the show and there were two hundred and fifty in the audience. Everybody was satisfied with the production and the net proceeds, $55, were given to the Ferry Beach Park Association.

C. A. H.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 28-Sept. 3. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

Sept. 9. Morning, Stamford, Conn.

Sept. 11-17. "Whirlwind Tour" through Vermont.

Sept. 21-23. Illinois State Convention, Hoopeston.

* *

A PROGRAM FOR THE CHURCH

Last Saturday afternoon at Ferry Beach over twenty of the leaders among the young people of the Christian Union who were present at the Institute, and three or four older people, spent two hours discussing the need for a program in the Church that would enlist the enthusiastic support and devoted service of the young people of to-day. Nine-tenths of all that was said came from young people under thirty. Three-quarters came from those under twenty-five. It was a young people's conference. The part of the Director of Young People's Work was, first, to give information regarding the working of denominational machinery into which anything the Union might do would have to be geared; and second, to ask questions to provoke more searching and constructive thinking.

Several things stand out in my mind as I recall my observations at that conference. For while I spoke, my position was essentially that of an observer.

Young People of To-day

First of all the serious and purposeful thoughtfulness of these young people made its impression. They gave up their recreation time for this conference, which was not on the program, and came because they wanted to. And they worked hard while they were there, thinking through the problems before the Universalist Church and the Y. P. C. U. Any one who dismisses the young people of to-day as superficial or artificial should have attended that gathering. They are better equipped to meet the serious problems of to-day than were the young people of twenty years ago to meet theirs.

Dissatisfactions

In any such gathering, the first words are likely to be destructive. There is criticism of things as they are. Inevitably that is the first step toward improvement. Destructive criticism is bad only if it stops with destruction.

There was dissatisfaction with "theology," but to understand that criticism one must understand what these young people mean by the word. It does not mean that they have no patience with thinking about God. They are thinking about Him more than I ever did at their age. But they have no patience with that thinking about Him which goes no farther than thinking and talking. Nearly twenty years ago Dr. Hamilton, then president of Tufts College, speaking at a Y. P. C. U. Convention, said, "The watchword of the nineteenth century was 'Truth;' the watchword of the twentieth century is 'Service.'" It was the task of the previous generation to discover the truth about God; it is the task of the present generation to apply that truth to the problems of life. Dissatisfaction with "theology" is impatience with the Church when it seems to be content with the truth-seeking achievements of the last generation, instead of being busy with the truth-applying tasks of to-day.

There was also dissatisfaction with what the Church and the Union are doing. There was practically no criticism of what is being done, save that it was not enough. These young people have come into active service in the Church since the million dollar drive. Their acquaintance with it is based on the scale of operations current in the last four years. To those of us who were familiar with the workings of the Church before 1919, the present program seems gratifying, largely because it is so much bigger and better than any that had been possible before. To them, who have never known anything less, it seems utterly inadequate. To enlist the loyalty and service of the young people of to-day that program must be enlarged. If the Providence session of the General Convention contents itself merely with provision for the continuance of our present work, worth while as that is, it will utterly fail to capture the imagination and consequently to enlist the enthusiastic devotion of its own young people, to say nothing of those outside.

What Next?

First of all the young people realize the need of new methods of work to meet the changing conditions of to-day. Intellectually and emotionally the young people of to-day are more experienced than those who had reached maturity before 1914 were at the same age. They have a better education, and they have felt more deeply, especially regarding social matters, such as politics and industrial relations, than had we.

In the Y. P. C. U. they are searching for something that will afford as great a proportionate expression of religion to them as the devotional meeting did for the young people of twenty and thirty years ago. It may be something different they will discover or devise; it may be something that is additional or supplementary. I do not know, and neither do they, as yet. But they will find it, just as did the young people of the later 1880's discover the devotional meeting and other Y. P. C. U. activities, in spite of the indifference or opposition of many older leaders in the Church.

In the Church itself there must be a new emphasis. I do not know what it will be. I only know it will be something in the general field of the application of religion to the current social problems of the day. The young people are vitally interested in these problems. And the Church, if it is to enlist their loyalty, must recognize that this is the field of Christian warfare to-day, as the field of theology was a generation or several generations ago.

Are You Coming to Providence?

This was the question most frequently asked by the young people when taking their farewells of each other at Ferry Beach. They are much more interested in the coming session of the General Convention than they are in the next gathering of their own organization.

One reason is that they feel themselves to be a part of the Church rather than a separate organization more than ever before. They are not going to wait until the General Convention has made its pronouncements; they are going to help to formulate its program. Both at the Muncie Convention and the Ferry Beach Institute this purpose was evident. The General Convention is not "They," any longer; it is "We," in the thinking of the young people, and in that "We" they include every one, both young and old.

The young people are coming to Providence in unprecedented numbers. They will listen respectfully to what is said; when opportunity is given they will not be afraid to make their contributions to our thinking together in determining our program for the years ahead. But afterward they will judge the Church by what it dares to dream and dares to do—or fails to dare—and will give their loyalty, and themselves, accordingly.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, August 23.

For the Quiet Hour

In the heart of every hardship is a blessing. In the bosom of every hindrance is a help. If we live humbly and faithfully and do not worry, if we only believe in God when things seem contrary, we shall all find, in ways mysterious, that the Lord has given us twice as much as we had before.

George H. Morrison.

But as to the good things of this life, and its ills, God has willed that these things should be common to both the righteous and unrighteous, that we might not too easily covet the things which wicked men are seen equally to enjoy, nor shrink with an unseemly fear from the ills which even good men often suffer.

Augustine.

The Church began its working life on the day on which one young man said to another, "Come and see."

Charles E. Jefferson.

Among Our Churches

Connecticut Letter

The time is drawing near when the call to our people will be from refreshment to labor. Practically all of the parishes in our state have observed the vacation season and services have been discontinued during the month of August. More and more, however, a growing number of our parishioners have been taking advantage of the vacation time to attend institutes at such places as Northfield, Murray Grove and Ferry Beach. These far-seeing and devoted workers have been preparing themselves for a larger and more efficient service during the year before us. Ten representatives of the Norwich society attended the Sunday School Institute at Ferry Beach—Mrs. A. N. Foster, Miss Villa C. Bussey, Miss Beatrice R. Green, Mrs. J. H. Cobb, Miss Hattie M. Fowler, Miss Natalie T. Bussey, Miss Grace C. Taft, Miss Marian Jarvis, Miss Viola Boardman and Miss Helen Bjurstrom. The Norwich Sunday school has been especially active since Rev. and Mrs. A. N. Foster came there. The first Sunday of July thirteen were graduated from the Primary Department with special exercises, including a brief dramatic presentation of the Parable of the Good Samaritan. Diplomas were presented to each graduate. Interesting and instructive lectures have been given by Rev. Mr. Foster on his European experiences last year. Mr. Harold Cobb represented the Y. P. C. U. at the Muncie Convention. The Norwich church, as well as our Church at large, has met with a great loss in the death of Mr. Chauncey B. Woodworth, on May 18. He was one of the most prominent and most faithful members of the church in Norwich. With his wife, who always loyally cooperated with him, he served our cause most devotedly during many years. Their interest was more than local. They attended the gatherings of our Church and kept informed of our activities as a denomination. Mr. Woodworth will be greatly missed. Gratefully we note that Mr. Woodworth has remembered his church in his will: $1,000 was left to the State Convention and $2,000 to the Norwich church. * * On the afternoon of May 23, members of the Cradle Roll and of the Beginners' Class of the Stafford Sunday school were entertained by the superintendent, Miss Rachel M. Glover. After the play hour, the children gathered around a low table which was decorated in pink and white. Tea was served to the mothers. On the same day, a public supper was served by the Sunday school and a substantial sum was realized * * The New Haven pastor with his family took a somewhat longer vacation this year than usual, and crossed the continent, stopping on the outward journey at Yellowstone Park and visiting at different places along the Pacific Coast. On the homeward journey the Canadian Rockies were visited. The pulpit of the New Haven church during the last three Sundays in July was supplied by Dr. G. E. Huntley and Rev. Harry L. Canfield. It was the privilege of Dr. Fischer and family to call on Dr. C. E. Nash at his home in Los Angeles. With his usual abounding faith and courage Dr. Nash was looking forward eagerly to a return to his labors. His host of friends everywhere hope and pray for the speedy full recovery to health and strength of that inspired and inspiring preacher and pastor. It was a pleasure to be able to attend the morning service, on Aug. 22, of our Los Angeles church, and to hear the Rev. George Miller, who was the preacher of the morning. Mrs. Anna Dickerman Martin, daughter of Dr. W. F. Dickerman of beloved memory, was at the services and it was a delightful privilege to see again this loyal friend whose splendid work in New Haven and in Connecticut will ever be gratefully remembered. At Coronado, California, some time was spent at the home of a niece, Mrs. Esther Doolittle Clark. Connecticut born, this young woman is the great, great granddaughter of Noah Pomeroy, in whose home the first services under Universalist auspices were held in Meriden, Conn. From Coronado your correspondent and his party journeyed to Santa Barbara to visit other loyal Connecticut Universalists, now California residents, namely, Mrs. Kate M. Chapin, widow of Rev. Eben Chapin, and her mother, Mrs. Laura A. Matthews. It was a great pleasure to see these former old neighbors and friends of Meriden, Conn., in their charming home on one of those hills from which the beauties of Santa Barbara can be seen at their best. Aunt Ann Matthews, as we affectionately call her, in her ninetieth year, is as active as ever. A faithful reader of the *Leader*, she keeps in touch with her Church although no longer able to attend its services. At San Francisco still other former Connecticut Universalists and relatives were called upon. The Bridgeport church people will recall Mr. Thomas Knight and his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Knight Wilcox, who for a number of years were active in that church. Now residents of the city at the Golden Gate, they have established a new home on one of the city heights where the great and glorious bay as well as the clustering dwellings and other buildings of the city present a wonderful panorama. It was a happy chance that enabled us to run across Prof. Chas. H. Fay, of Tufts, at the Chateau Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. This veteran mountain climber recalled days of long ago when his father was pastor of our Middletown church. * * On the return home the sad news was received of the death on July 13 of Mrs. Ruth Renner, wife of Mr. Matthew Renner of the New Haven parish. In Springfield, Mass., St. Paul's Church, as also in the New Haven church, Mrs. Renner was active in all good works. Her death brings sorrow to many. * * Another great loss has come to the New Haven Church in the death on Aug. 18 of Dr. Lucy C. Peckham. A pioneer of her sex in New Haven in medical practise, Dr. Peckham was at one time superintendent of nurses at the New Haven hospital and later in charge of the nursing department of the House of Mercy, Pittsfield, Mass. She was a graduate of the Women's College in Philadelphia. For many years a member of the church in New Haven, she was for a long time clerk of the church. She was the author of the Connecticut song which is sung at Y. P. C. U. Conventions. A woman of great talent, gifted in many ways, she filled a large place in the esteem and affection of a large circle. We are grateful for her splendid record during the more than eighty-one years of her helpful life. * * Our parishes are again reminded of the General Convention to be held in Providence in October. Every one of our parishes should be represented. * * It is sincerely to be desired that in every parish in the state Rally Day be observed. We, of course, want to join with all the other parishes all over the country in keeping Rally Day. * * Rev. H. B. Taylor of Meriden is expected home soon from his European trip. * * Rev. G. H. Leining, of Danbury, spent part of his vacation with his brother, Rev. Fred Leining, and family, at their Brattleboro, Vt., summer home. Another part of his vacation has been spent with his father in Meriden, Conn. * * Mrs. Robert Bowman and Miss Carrie Bowman, formerly active members of the Meriden church, now in All Souls Church, Brooklyn, spent a week at Stony Creek, Conn. * * Mrs. James Gay, mother of Rev. Geo. A. Gay, is entertaining at her Meriden home her married daughter from Toronto, Canada. Connecticut friends will remember Belle Gay, as she was known to them. * * The General Conference of the Unitarian churches, the Laymen's League and the Ministerial Union will hold joint sessions in New Haven Sept. 11-16. They will enjoy the privileges of the Yale buildings and will live a sort of community life for the time. The Universalists of New Haven will be glad to extend any courtesies within their power to the representatives of our sister church.

Theodore A. Fischer.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Delmar E. Trout of Springfield, Mass., will resume parish work on the second Sunday in September. He has been spending his vacation at Rockport, Mass., and has preached in our church at Rockport and in the Community Church at Pigeon Cove. He was recently elected president of the Ministerial Association of Springfield.

Rev. Harry A. Hersey, who says that his legal age is fifty-three and the age of his arteries "forty or less," served as chaplain at Camp Crosley, Indiana, for a week. *En route* for Camp Crosley from Muncie, he rode his bicycle ninety-three miles in one day. The preceding week he rode eighty-three miles, eighteen miles and sixty-five miles on different days. Mr. Hersey has all of a European's enthusiasm for recreation on a bicycle.

Massachusetts

Provincetown.—Rev. William Wallace Rose of Rochester, N. Y., summer pastor. Mr. Rose's third summer among the Universalists of the tip-most end of the Cape is about over. Dr. George E. Huntley prepared the way in June, and fine congregations have marked the entire period. The evening illustrated drama-lectures have for the second summer filled the church to absolute capacity. These have fed the morning congregation and have spread the name and meaning of Universalism to widely scattered fields. The ancient and beautiful church is open to visitors every afternoon, and many come to see the unusual Italian frescoes and the Christopher Wren tower. Universalist literature is distributed to all who care for it. Some amusing incidents are encountered, as, for instance, the lady from the Middle West who hastily beat a retreat into the warm sunshine when she learned that inadvertently she had entered the portal of a Universalist church. A splendid co-operative memorial service was held in honor of President Harding. The Congregational church was used. Dr. R. Perry Bush delivered the eulogy, and Mr. Rose took part in the service. The parish has suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of Mrs. Emily A. Smith, beloved mother of Prof. Simeon C. Smith, clerk of the parish. Mrs. Smith was for many years a member of the church quartet, and a tower of inspiration and help. After Sept. 9 the Sunday evening services, led by the lay men and women of the parish, are to be resumed. This idea is worth a study by any of our churches whose strength is not equal to a settled pastor.

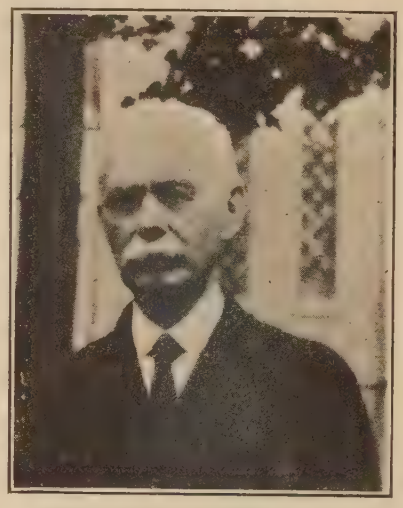
Ohio

Mt. Gilead.—Rev. Sara L. Stoner, pastor. On Sunday, July 22, following the close of the Sunday school, the members of the Mr. Gilead church motored to Prospect and spent the day with their pastor, Rev. Sara L. Stoner. They took with them well-filled baskets, and several hours of good fellowship were greatly enjoyed.

* *

DAVID G. DAVIDSON

Readers of the *Universalist Leader*, *Onward*, the *Sunday School Helper*, and our other publications have little knowledge of the debt they owe to David G. Davidson. For seventeen years his patient skill and conscientious care have gone into nearly every number of these publications that came from the press. This was so much more and so much finer than any paid service that it would be unjust and



inadequate to describe him as an employee of the Publishing House.

Years ago Walter Rauschenbusch reminded us that "for those who have vision and understanding, Democracy is a holy word." To David Davidson Universalism was always a holy word, and no continued repetition ever lessened his sense of the sacredness of his task in helping to produce the literature of his faith.

He received his first lesson in Universalism at his mother's knee. Some of us hold a memory picture of a little wisp of a woman, more than eighty years old but still possessing a vigor of mind and alertness of interest exceeding many of her juniors. A half century before, this woman with her husband and children emigrated from the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay to the then wilderness of northern Maine. Whether she took other books is not recorded, but she did take her Bible, and from the New Testament she discovered Universalism for herself and gave it to her children as their most precious heritage.

When her son David, grown to be a young man, went to Bangor to learn the printing trade, which became for him not merely a working trade but a fine art, he soon found his way to the Universalist church and heard his first Universalist sermons from the lips of Rev. Amory Battles. That was the beginning of more than a half-century of loyal membership and devoted work in the Universalist Church. Coming to Boston to associate himself with the *Boston Journal*, then one of the foremost papers of New England, he became an active worker in the Shawmut Universalist Church. Later he helped to build a new Universalist church in East Boston and for a long time was superintendent of its Sunday school. In 1895 he moved to Melrose, to take charge of the publication of the *Melrose Journal*. From this position his denomination called him, seventeen years ago, to become foreman of the printing plant of the Universalist Publishing House, where he remained until his death.

For a quarter of a century he was one of the most faithful and loyal members of the Melrose Universalist church, serving it in nearly every official capacity, not because he sought office but because he was always ready to give himself. For more than twenty years he was a member of its board of trustees, for many years a teacher in the Sunday school, and at the time of his death the senior deacon of the church. Those who noted with what reverent care he participated in the communion service came to feel that very truly he was giving to them the bread of life. Rightly did his fellow trustees record that "those who knew him best learned to love and respect him most; for his deep sincerity, his unwavering Christian faith, and his unselfish devotion to all good causes within his power to help."

* *

THE ORDER OF UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

The official call for the third biennial session having gone out, naturally every member of the Order will be thinking of Providence and of the date of our meeting.

The committee are doing everything in their power to make this session the best in our short history. The First Universalist Church, with a record of over one hundred years of New England hospitality, will be adequate to accommodate the large attendance expected.

It is the purpose of the committee to offer a program of such excellence that no member or man of the Universalist Church can afford to miss the opportunity of attending the most helpful get-together of the "Man-Power" of our Church.

The business session, at the First Church at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, will be short, snappy, interesting and helpful to every man who may attend.

The Fellowship Dinner at the Providence Biltmore, one of the finest hostelries in the world, will be a great occasion for our men. Already arrangements have been completed for our entertainment. The managers have assured us that they will spare no pains or expense to make our

Fellowship Dinner the very best in the history of our organization.

Tickets and reservations will be released in ample time so that parties of six, eight or twelve can be accommodated at the dinner.

When the tickets and reservations are released, the committee will require that each man planning to attend the dinner notify them as soon as possible. The tickets are strictly limited and we hope no one will be disappointed.

The clarion call has gone forth for fifteen hundred Comrades at Providence. This may seem a large number, but not more than one would expect. We have on our files the names of over 7,000 men of our Church, and surely we have a right to expect at least one-fifth of them to attend the Convention.

I have been stressing attendance at the session of the Comrades and the Fellowship Dinner, but it would seem the part of wisdom if our men would plan to begin at the beginning of the week's activities.

The Sunday School Convention, beginning on Saturday, Oct. 20, would welcome every member of our organization. The General Convention too has the right to expect the largest attendance of men in our history.

Men, here is an opportunity to serve. The whole Church needs our assistance. Rally to the call of our leaders. Let's make the week of Oct. 20-28, 1923, the greatest in the history of our great Church.

Fred C. Carr,
National Secretary.

* *

MURRAY GROVE

Murray Grove is having some great days and fine experiences. We are not minded to tell all we know, but at the morning service on Memorial Day the new president stood up and told us that a quiet little campaign to raise money to clear Murray Grove Association of all indebtedness had been over subscribed. We were given the freedom to applaud but no one felt like that. We stood instead and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" and it was sung with deep feeling. We have had fine weather, a full house, lively parties by land and sea. The afternoon services on Memorial Day were conducted by Rev. H. M. Cary and Rev. Maude Lyon Cary. In spite of the light registration along the Jersey coast early in the summer we are having a full registration now. Mrs. Joseph Crowell, Jr., who had charge of the fair, is anxious to have all who wanted to send anything hurry it along that we may have a final report. We hope that by next week we shall be able to give some figures and can only say in advance that they are fine.

Notices

SYSTEMATIC DAILY BIBLE READING

Simple and definite plan makes daily Bible Reading easy for every one. Send 10 cents to Miss Etta Konitzky, 4316 Bellview Ave., Baltimore, Md.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws

In accordance with the requirements of the By-Laws, Article IX, Amendments, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the W. N. M. A., by substitution, will be proposed at the next session held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24, 1923.

For the Committee on Revision,
Marian W. Lobdell, Chairman.

Aug. 24, 1923.

Constitution

Article III (page 4), paragraph 3. Substitute the word associate for honorary, so as to read as follows: "Men may become associate members by the same payments as women."

Article V (page 5) section 3. Strike out the words, *two auditors*, found in the last two lines of the paragraph. (It will be seen that if the proposed change in the By-Laws is effected, it will no longer be necessary to elect auditors at the biennial Convention.)

By-Laws

Article I (page 10), section 5, Treasurer. The Treasurer shall keep full and accurate accounts of receipts and disbursements in books belonging to the Association, and shall deposit all money and other valuable effects in its name and to its credit in such depositories as may be designated by the Executive Board.

She shall disburse the funds of the Association as may be ordered by the Executive Board, and attested by the President and Chairman of the Finance Committee, and in every case she shall take a proper voucher therefor. She shall render the President, the Executive Board or the Chairman of the Finance Committee, each month or whenever any of them require it, an account of her transactions as Treasurer and a statement as to the financial condition of the Association.

She shall invest the Permanent Funds of the Association in accordance with instructions of the Finance Committee. She shall hold all mortgages, bonds or other valuable papers, and shall submit the same to the inspection of the Executive Board or Finance Committee whenever required so to do.

She shall give the Association a bond in a sum and with sureties satisfactory to the Executive Board for the faithful discharge of the duties of her office and for the restoration to the Association in case of death, resignation or removal from office of all its books, papers, vouchers, money, securities or other property of whatever kind in her possession.

Section 8, Auditors. At least once a year the books and accounts of the Treasurer and the Corresponding Secretary shall be audited by public accountants to be appointed by the Executive Board, and the reports of such accountants shall be submitted to the biennial meeting of the Association.

Section 9, Finance Committee. The Finance Committee shall have special charge and control of the finances of the Association. It shall have full authority to invest and reinvest funds of the Association. Such funds, however, are to be invested only in first mortgages, government, state, or municipal bonds, and deposits in savings banks. It shall submit to the Executive Board at each meeting a statement of the financial condition of the Association, and any recommendations which it may have concerning the same. At least once a year the Committee shall prepare and submit for the consideration of the Executive Board a detailed budget of expenses.

At least once in five years it shall employ a competent real estate agent or attorney, who shall furnish to each member of the Executive Board a certified list of all the mortgages held by the Association and his opinion as to the safety of the investment.

* *

W. N. M. A.—OFFICIAL CALL

The forty-fourth Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association will be held in the First Universalist Church in Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1923, for the receiving of reports for the two years past, the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Marian W. Lobdell, Recording Secretary.

CLOSING OF THE BOOKS OF THE W. N. M. A.

The books of the treasurer and corresponding secretary of the Women's National Missionary Association will close Sept. 15, 1923. All money to be recorded in the present fiscal year must therefore be in the hands of the above officers before that date. State Secretaries should fill out the annual reports for the fiscal year and teturn to the corresponding secretary at once.

Mrs. W. C. Caldwell,
Corresponding Secretary.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On July 20, 1923, a letter of license was granted to Robert M. Rice, divinity student at St. Lawrence University, temporary supply at New Madison, Ohio.

Letter of license granted to Miss Ruth Owens, assistant pastor at Akron, Ohio.

Renewal of license to Elmer M. Druley, Belpre, Ohio.

Letter of transfer granted to Rev. Henrietta G. Moore to the California Convention.

* *

THE ORDER OF UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

Official Call

The third biennial session of the Order of Universalist Comrades will be held at the First Universalist Church, Providence, R. I., Saturday, Oct. 27, 1923, at 2 p. m. for the consideration of the following business;

1. Election of officers and three trustees for the ensuing biennial period.
2. To transact any other business that may legally come before the session.

Fred C. Carr, National Secretary.

* *

W. U. M. S. OF MAINE

The twenty-ninth annual Convention of the W. U. M. S. of Maine will meet in the Universalist church at Rockland, on Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1923, at 1.30 p. m., to act upon reports, elect officers, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before the Convention.

Persis Shedd, Secretary.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The eighteenth annual session of the Universalist Convention of North Carolina will be held at Woodington, Sept. 20-23, 1923.

J. R. Miller, Secretary.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 19, 1923. New Hampshire State Convention, Portsmouth.

Sept. 20-23, 1923. North Carolina State Convention, Woodington.

Sept. 25, 26, 1923. Maine State Convention, Rockland.

Oct. 9-11, 1923. New York State Convention, Utica.

Oct. 20-28, 1923. Universalist General Convention, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 21-23, 1923. Convention of General Sunday School Association, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 24, 1923. W. N. M. A. Convention, Providence, R. I.

Nov. 1-4, 1923. Alabama State Convention.

* *

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The 98th annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will convene in the Church of Reconciliation, Utica, N. Y., October 9, 10, and 11, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE UNIVERSALIST STATE CONVENTION

The annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist State Convention will be held at Portsmouth, Sept. 19, and 20. As special business, new Constitution and By-laws will come up for consideration.

Asa Mayo Bradley, Secretary.

RESERVATIONS FOR THE PROVIDENCE CONVENTION

The local committee for the Providence Convention requests the officers of the denominational auxiliaries, and others, to make reservations early if they are going to need space for exhibits, booths, etc., in the vestry of the First Church during the Convention.

Kindly make your wants known to the undersigned and we will endeavor to meet your requirements.

R. R. Hadley,
145 *Chester Ave., Providence, R. I.*

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist Sunday School Convention will be held in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 18, 1923.

* *

MAINE STATE CONVENTION

Official Call

The 94th annual session of the Maine State Convention will be held in the Universalist Church, Rockland, Me., Sept. 25, 26, 1923, for the purpose of electing officers; to vote on the proposed amendment of Art. 11, Sec. 4, of the Constitution so it shall read: "Of five lay delegates from each parish in its fellowship;" to vote on proposed amendment changing Art. vii of By-Laws to read: "Every parish in the Fellowship of this Convention is expected to contribute each year, according to its ability, to the aid of the work of this Convention and of the General Convention, and to co-operate heartily in the plans, purposes and policies of this Convention and the General Convention;" also to transact any other business which may legally be brought before the Convention.

Milo G. Folsom, Secretary.

The Annual Y. P. C. U. Convention will meet Monday, Sept. 24, the Annual W. U. M. S. Convention Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 2.30 p. m., and the Annual S. S. Convention Tuesday a. m., Sept. 25.

* *

WANTED

Copies of "Gospel Melodies New and Old." Address Mrs. J. L. Bell, 311 N. H. St., Pensacola, Fla.

* *

MURRAY GROVE, N J., SEASON OF 1923

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept 1 and 3—Institute of the General Sunday School Association and the Young People's Christian Union.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (morning). Preaching service, Rev. Stanley Manning.

Sunday, Sept. 2 (evening). Address by Rev. Hannah Powell.

Numerous religious services, lectures, entertainments and excursions throughout the season.

The rates at Murray Grove are very low, the rooms and board are good and the company is delightful. For reservations or information address Rev. H. M. Cary, Little Falls, New York.

* *

RICHARD M. SMITH, M. A., PH. D.

I offer myself for work in the service of the Universalist Church.

Richard M. Smith, Universalist Minister,
1028 *S. 26th St., Birmingham, Ala.*

* *

NOTICE

Due notice is hereby given that at the next annual Convention of the W. U. M. A. of Indiana a revised constitution will be presented for adoption.

Mollie B. Dunwoodie, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST LITERATURE WANTED

Mrs. A. L. Cole, Box 83, Newcastle, Young Co., Texas, has accepted the office of chairman of the P. O. Mission of Texas and will be pleased to receive *Leaders, Omega, Myrtles* and other Universalist literature for distribution in Texas and near by states.

Obituary

Mrs. Ira. C. Woodward

Mrs. Viola Woodward, wife of Ira C. Woodward of Springville, N. Y., died July 31, 1923, aged seventy-six years.

Viola A. Briggs was born in Concord, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1846, and during the earlier years of her life was associated with the Universalist church of Boston, Erie County, N. Y., one of the earlier Universalist churches of western New York.

She was united in marriage to Ira C. Woodward, of Boston, N. Y., about fifty-five years ago, and after a time they removed to Springville, where the great part of her life has been spent.

Mrs. Woodward was in every sense of the word a loyal Universalist. From the beginning of the movement, which resulted in the building of the Springville church in 1897, and up to the time of her death, she was one of the chief supporters, a worker, counselor and leader that never failed the call of duty. With a beautiful and well trained voice and fine musical taste she contributed without stint to this part of the church's program a never to be forgotten charm.

A true friend to all in need, with a real sense of the mighty truth of Universal Brotherhood, she failed not in a service to humanity which endeared her to a multitude who will gladly testify to the statement that her chief delight was in doing for others.

When the Universalist church of Springville was dedicated on Dec. 14, 1897, she was one of the charter members, and was for many years and at the time of her death secretary and treasurer of the church, and for years was president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Woodward were liberal contributors to the financial support of the church and their home ever extended its hospitality and cheerful welcome to all.

The funeral service was held at her home in Springville, on Aug. 3. Rev. Harry M. Wright, of Kent, Ohio, who was the pastor at Springville when the church there was being built, officiated at the service.

Lambert L. Case

St. John's Universalist Church, of Muncie, Ind., lost one of its oldest and most faithful members by the death of Lambert L. Case, in Indianapolis, Monday, Aug. 20.

Lambert L. Case was born in Franklin County, Indiana, Dec. 9, 1849. He moved to Muncie shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War and identified himself in boyhood with St. John's Sunday school, of which he was a member for sixty-three years. On July 24, 1872, he was united in marriage to Mary E. Waite, and both joined St. John's Church more than fifty years ago. Mr. Case was also a member of the Universalist choir for thirty-five years.

He was a firm believer in human brotherhood, and gave practical expression to this by active membership in the fraternal orders. He was a member of Muncie Lodge of Masons, Muncie Lodge of Odd Fellows, chief patriarch of Muncie Encampment, I. O. O. F., and for many years secretary of the Order of Maccabees. In business life he was identified with the L. E. & W. R. R., the American Glass Company, and, for twenty years, with the Keller Clothing Company.

After nearly a lifetime in Muncie, Mr. Case moved to Indianapolis in the summer of 1922, to be associated with his son in business in that city. He immediately identified himself with the Central Universalist Church and joined its choir.

By virtue of long residence and active life Mr. Case was widely known throughout Delaware County, and had hosts of friends who admired and loved him for his genial and sunshiny disposition, his Christian character, and his service to his fellow men.

He is survived by his widow, two sons, Arthur Case of Indianapolis and Dr. Frank Case of Chicago, two brothers, Frank and Austin Case, of Muncie, and by three grandchildren, one of whom, Lambert J. Case, is studying for the Universalist ministry in Ryder Divinity School.

Funeral services were conducted in St. John's Church, Wednesday, Aug. 22, by the pastor, Rev. Harry Adams Hersey. Burial was in Beech Grove Cemetery, Muncie.

H. A. H.

The "Money Earning Plan"

for

Churches, Societies, Schools

will put money in the treasury of any society in your church, if east of the Mississippi River.

For information write

CHARLES R. DAVIS

Established 1905

184 Ward St., Newton Centre 59, Mass.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President*,

JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk*.

Dr. Sunderland's New Book

Because Men Are Not Stones

By J. T. Sunderland, D.D.

Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston. Postpaid $1.50

This latest work of its author is a book of vital religion, dealing with the most living experiences and faiths that man can know.

I. The Soul's Cry for God.
II. The Higher Conception of God.
III. God and Life's Deep Experiences.
IV. God and Human Sorrow.
V. God and Great Calamities.
VI. Robert Ingersoll's: "I think if I had been God I could have made a better world."
VII. God Who Knows and Cares.
VIII. Working with God.

The book is for minds that dare to think, for hearts that long for a better world and souls that cry out for a God that is not dead.

CHURCH SUPPLIES

Responsible Houses

and

Reliable Goods

LEADED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Church Pews and Furniture

The GEORGE W. WISE COMPANY
289-291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Memorial Windows

ALFRED M. BELL COMPANY

79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. LEROY W. COONS, D. D., *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.,*
Boston, Mass.

Reports, Year Books, Programs

And all Printing worth Doing Well

WALLACE SPOONER

81-89 Bristol St., Boston, Mass.

Burdett College

18 Boylston St., Boston

A Modern School of Commerce

Courses: Business, Accountancy, Shorthand, Combined, Secretarial, Normal, Business Administration.

Founded 1879 Send for Catalog.

Light and Peace

BY

Rev. C. H. Leonard, D.D., LL.D

Dean Emeritus Crane Theological School
TUFTS COLLEGE

A BOOK OF PRAYERS

Printed on fine paper, and exquisitely bound in seal brown, limp ooze leather, stamped in gold. Size 5x7 inches. Each copy in a box. Also silk finish cloth, gilt top.

Price, One Dollar

Universalist Publishing House

Educational

Lombard College

GALESBURG, ILL.

The only Universalist College west of New York State

Lombard offers Academic, Scientific and Music courses leading to Bachelor degrees.

We invite correspondence with men and women contemplating a college course.

JOSEPH MAYO TILDEN, LL. D., *President.*

Write DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER,
1365 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill

Ryder Universalist House

Divinity School Department of

LOMBARD COLLEGE

At University of Chicago

Write DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER
1365 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

Westbrook Seminary

Portland, Maine

offers

Broad courses for college preparatory or culture education. Special departments for commercial training, musical appreciation, and household management.

Graduate courses leading to degrees for young women who can not undertake a full college course

A fine group of buildings splendidly situated

Unusual opportunity for young people to obtain rounded and normal development.

The highest possible standards at the lowest possible cost.

Address, ORLANDO K. HOLLISTER, Litt. D.

The St. Lawrence University

Canton, N. Y.

Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, President

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Courses leading to the Degrees of B. A. and B. D
Edwin Lee Hulett, M. A., Dean

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of B. D.
Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dean.

BROOKLYN LAW SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of LL. D
Dr. Wm. Payson Richardson, Dean

SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

Granting Certificates of Graduation
Roland Hale Verbeck, B. S., Director

Tufts College

JOHN A. COUSENS, LL. D.
President

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS
JACKSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
THE ENGINEERING SCHOOL
THE GRADUATE SCHOOL
THE CRANE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
AND, IN BOSTON
THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL SCHOOLS

For catalogue, address the Dean of the respective department, or

The Registrar, Tufts College, Mass.

P. O. Address for the Medical and Dental Schools
416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dean Academy

FRANKLIN, MASS.

Dean Academy is an endowed boarding school for young men and young women, offering exceptional advantages for education in every department of broad culture. Its buildings are commodious and thoroughly equipped for school work and for home-like living. Its courses fit for any college or scientific school, and it has courses, also, fitting for practical life. A large corps of instructors, able and experienced. Courses in Music, Art, and Speaking under special instructors. The atmosphere of the school is homelike and helpful, and the spirit of the students is enthusiastic and loyal. A commodious gymnasium with competent instruction provides for the physical well-being. The school has a new Science building with well-equipped laboratories, a domestic science department for girls, admirably equipped, with an able instructor. Delightfully located in a clean and beautiful New England town. The income from a large fund is expended for the benefit of the pupils and makes the terms very reasonable. For catalogue address the Principal,

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D.,
Franklin, Mass.

Goddard Seminary

Barre, Vermont

An excellent co-educational boarding school delightfully situated in one of the best communities of the state.

Modern and adequate equipment.

A traditionally strong school spirit.

Carefully selected corps of capable teachers.

Thorough courses preparing for college.

Instruction in Elocution, Piano, Voice, Business and Languages by specialists.

Buildings in attractive condition. Visitors welcome.

Write for catalogue to

RUSSELL L. DAVISON, A. B., Principal.

Crackling

Officer (just bawled out): "Not a man in this division will be given liberty this afternoon."

Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Officer: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

* *

Rhoda's father brought an earnest young man home to dinner one evening. He was pale and intense, and had a voice like a foghorn. And when he lifted his eyes to the ceiling and said, "Every man should have a mission in life," Rhoda said, "What's yours?" "The saving of young men," he answered. "Oh," said Rhoda, "do save me a nice one."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

* *

The newspaper headline writer entered his home and was greeted portentously by his wife and little son. "George has been a naughty boy to-day," said the mother. "I am obliged to ask you to punish him."

The headline writer turned a reproachful glance upon his offspring. "My boy," he began, "this irks me more than"—

But son interrupted. "Probe me, pa, before you flay me," he cried. " 'Lad, Nine, Scents Plot in Mother's Charge. Hints at Conspiracy. Fears Clash.' "—*Country Gentleman.*

* *

He was unaware of the eccentricities to be found in the Wild West when he entered what seemed to be the only hotel in the place. After ushering him to a table and giving the stranger a glass of ice-water, the waiter inquired: "Will you have sausages on toast?"

"No, I never eat 'em," the guest replied.

"In that case," said the waiter, "dinner is over."—*The Open Road.*

* *

A Northern man, spending the summer in the South, went to see the last game of a series between two local teams. For a time he could not observe any umpire, but at last he spied him sitting up in the grandstand among the spectators.

"Great guns, man!" the Northerner exclaimed to a native. "What's the umpire doing up in the grandstand?"

"Well," the native explained, "the spectators used to accuse him of bum work so much that he allowed that if the folks up in the grandstand could see every play so durned good, he'd better go up there to do his umpirin'."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* *

Everybody has had a say about evolution except the monkey.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

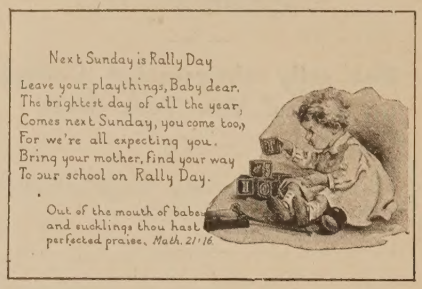
* *

The Diner: "How did I order my eggs?"

The Waitress: "Well, you wasn't any too polite about it!"—*Lampoon.*

RALLY DAY INVITATIONS

Attractively Printed in Colors — Novel in Design
Effective in their Message



No. 67 For Cradle Roll.

No. 72 For Beginners and Primary.

No. 68 For Beginners.

No. 75 For Men and Older Boys.

No. 74 For General Use.

No. 73 For Juniors.

Price $1.00 per hundred post-paid — Souvenir Rally Day Buttons, $2.00 per hundred

Universalist Publishing House

176 Newbury St., Boston

A Layman's Religion

By Roger Sherman Galer

President of the Universalist General Convention

A thoughtful and suggestive study of the elemental verities in terms of present knowledge of the universe and modern understanding of life.

Price, $1.00

Universalist Publishing House